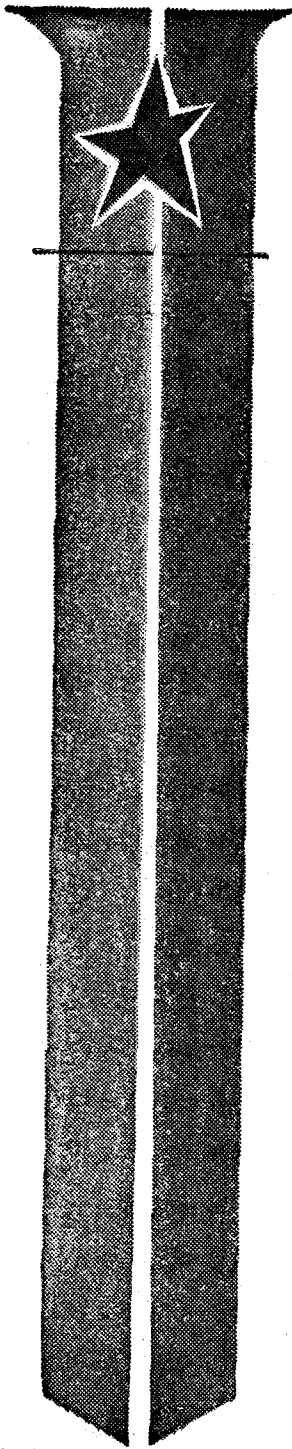


THE NATION

December 7, 1963 . . 35c



Vietnam: New Faces More Chaos

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PITFALLS AND BENEFITS

The Shorter Workweek

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Mississippi

Underground Election

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REVIEWS:

J. G. Weightman, Henri Peyre,
Bennett M. Berger, Sybille Bedford

LETTERS

Rats and people

Boston, Mass.
Dear Sirs: Perhaps someone should tell David Cort ("The Glossy Rats," *The Nation*, Nov. 16) about an experiment in human overcrowding carried out in Hong Kong: the densities, by American standards, are staggering. Yet the results are not what Mr. Cort would lead us to expect; incidence of divorce, crime, murder, juvenile delinquency and mental illness is lower than that for any American city. (Mr. Cort can check into this in *The Journal of the American Institute of Planners*, current issue.) The conclusion I draw from this is that people are not rats, at least not always.

Richard M. Titus

St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Sirs: I doubt if you have served the interests of enlightenment, your own reputation or David Cort's by spreading his "Glossy Rats" piece so thick and so prominently. It is unfortunate when important conclusions are drawn from analogies. A half-baked understanding of Darwin led, by analogical reasoning, to the justification of man's exploitation. Analogy at one time built a celestial hierarchy modeled on the feudal system. There are many other examples of false analogical thinking. Few if any careful scientists would draw conclusions from the facts gathered about one species and apply them to another. Yet here is Mr. Cort strongly suggesting that the present human situation is a manifestation of impending overcrowding, simply because Wynne-Edwards has observed certain animal behavior under conditions preceding and during a state of overpopulation.

Because rats in overcrowded cages develop certain differentia types, Mr. Cort seems altogether too eager to find parallel types among human beings. The ruling elite becomes "the glossy rats," while the Communists and beatniks are the rats with overactive adrenal glands. Surely it would be a relatively simple matter to obtain data on adrenal activity among at least some beatniks and Communists. But this approach would hardly appeal to a book reviewer.

Instead of clarifying man's problems, pieces like this can only serve to muddy our intellectual waters the more. There is a strong suggestion of some "mystic" force here which turns man to various social attitudes in some automatic, reflex-like manner in response to a threat which is still somewhat in the future. One more step and we are back to the Middle Ages.

Is it too much to ask of a journalist, especially one who reviews scientific material, to understand that no sweeping conclusions about one species are warranted from data observed in other species?

Albert Kaplan, M.D.

Steffens wasn't converted

New York City
Dear Sirs: In your issue of Nov. 16 in the "Review of Paperbacks," reviewing Theodore Draper's books on communism, Robert M. Wallace says "Conversions and disillusionment of such men as Lincoln Steffens, Max Eastman and James Freeman. . . ." Lincoln Steffens was neither converted nor disillusioned. And who is James Freeman? Joseph Freeman? Is Mr. Draper or Mr. Wallace at fault?

Ella Winter

Brilliant on Brazil

New York City
Dear Sirs: There are times when I become quite exasperated with *The Nation*, but Andrew Gunder Frank's article on Brazil (*The Nation*, Nov. 16) renewed my faith in it.

With all the whitewash junk that I have read recently on Brazil (the latest, a two-part article in the *Olympian New York Times*), this piece was nothing short of brilliant. Congratulations.

G. A. Caparelli

Abolishing civil defense

Baltimore, Md.
Dear Sirs: An article in *The Nation* (by Charles Bolton, Nov. 2) emphasized the importance of working for the elimination of the civil-defense shelter program if the American peace movement is to achieve any progress. . . .

I headed a project here in Baltimore to accomplish this very goal, and the strategy used was successful. . . . The achievement of this goal was a result of coordinating the efforts of every available peace organization, recruiting volunteers from their ranks, developing a coordinated plan of strategy as to how we could most effectively influence political leaders and the press, etc. [See "Decline of the Ostrich," *The Nation*, Nov. 23.]

I would be happy to share our complete strategy and method of operation with any individuals who might be interested in attempting similar efforts in their cities, and will mail them all necessary information.

Leon Shapiro
4215 Colonial Road

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Why?

The strangeness of the Barghoorn case has been emphasized by Professor Barghoorn himself and by the press. Professor Barghoorn remarked that he would probably never know why the Soviet Government "decided to take an action which by non-Soviet standards was strange and indeed bizarre." It cannot be said that his revelations have cast much light on the affair. After his release, he seemed at first reticent and inclined to minimize the repercussions; after his briefing at the State Department he furnished material for such headlines as that in the New York *Herald Tribune*: STORY OF RUSSIAN VILLAINY. He says that a roll of papers was thrust into his hands by a stranger, he "foolishly" put the papers in his coat and immediately two men emerged from the shadows and hustled him off in a car. He believes that the papers contained military information, but he does not say (the newspapers say that for him) that there was a specific frame-up. He suggests, indeed, that the stranger might have been trying to slip him information for some purpose that is not clear. This thought also occurs: why did the Russians need to plant incriminating material on him? The secret police are free to arrest and question anyone without catching him red-handed. It is hard to see what they could expect to gain with such a clumsy maneuver involving a man like Barghoorn, prominent, well-informed and with a record as an intelligence evaluator for the State Department. They could simply have grilled him on unspecified grounds and let him go after they had obtained, or failed to obtain, whatever information they were after.

Since the circumstances are so obscure, everyone is speculating on what the Soviet motives were. According to *The Nation's* Kremlinologists, such an arrest could not have occurred without the sanction of the highest authority. Assuming that the Central Committee, probably including Khrushchev, gave the order, or at any rate did not countermand it, what were they up to? It was certainly not an act of sheer irrationality. The Soviets make mistakes, sometimes bordering on idiocy, but they have reasons which, according to their calculations, give promise of furthering their aims.

In its September 12, 1959, issue, *The Nation* ran an article by Frederic W. Collins titled, "Can Khrushchev Swing the '60 Election?" If we examine the Barghoorn affair against this background, a possible hypothesis emerges. It is clear that the Russians are in need of a *détente*; it is also clear that after the test-ban treaty had been ratified the prospects for lessened tension were excellent. Even while United States convoys were being held up on the Autobahn and Barghoorn was being held incommunicado, negotiations were proceeding smoothly in several direc-

tions: cultural exchanges, the wheat deal, rules for the use of space, including radio communications, etc. But whenever an American President, especially one with Mr. Kennedy's marginal prestige, comes to an agreement with the Soviets, he takes his political life in his hands. No President can afford not to appear tough with the Russians, least of all a President who may have to run for re-election against Senator Goldwater, a very avatar in that line. Perhaps, then, the Central Committee on the Autobahn, and with Barghoorn as an instrument, began the process of building up Kennedy as one who could reach agreements, keep us out of nuclear war and yet give no red-blooded American reason to feel shame. If that was their aim, they achieved it. On the Autobahn holdup, and even more strongly when they pushed the Yale-Barghoorn button, the President responded vehemently. In the latter episode he gave the Soviets an appropriate out, but he was no milquetoast. The headlines tell the story: JFK WARNS RUSSIANS ON ARRESTS (*The Washington Post*), NEW CHILL SLOWS EAST-WEST THAW (*The Christian Science Monitor*), RETREAT TO STALINISM, etc. And then, YALE PROFESSOR FREED BY SOVIETS ON KENNEDY DEMAND, STARTS HOME, SHARP U.S. REACTION MAY HAVE INFLUENCED KREMLIN, and so on. The Kremlin itself explained that it was bowing to President Kennedy's personal demand.

With the detachment that British editors enjoy, *The Economist* (London) headlined the incidents: BLOCKS ARE NOT BRINKS, and went on to comment: "Hold-ups on the Berlin road and dust-ups with allies do not destroy the logic that is pushing Russia as well as America to seek nuclear coexistence." It must be added that if this is the game the Soviets are playing, it has its dangers and drawbacks. Even President Kennedy, careful student of polls and adroit practitioner of the art of image-making, has encountered difficulties from time to time in managing the news and manipulating public opinion. Can the Russians, from a distance, do any better?

The UN and Captain Galvao

Most of the forty-nine delegates who voted to invite the colorful Captain Henrique Galvao (see "How I Seized the 'Santa Maria,'" *The Nation*, April 15, 1961) to appear before the UN's Fourth (Trusteeship) Committee as a petitioner are not in full agreement with his views on the Portuguese colonies and perhaps feel that, after such a prolonged absence from the scene, he can contribute very little to the UN's deliberations. Yet these delegates had at least two sound reasons for voting to hear him. First, most delegates are extremely reluctant to go on record against any petitioner's request to be heard; in this

instance, in fact, only four did so (Australia, Portugal, South Africa and Spain). Forty-one, including the United States, the Western powers, a third of Africa and most of Latin America, abstained. In the second place, Ambassador Yates had warned that if Galvao came, "it would appear very likely that the Government of Portugal will initiate proceedings in the courts of this country for his extradition" (Galvao has been convicted *in absentia* in Portugal of treason, manslaughter and hijacking the Santa Maria). Many delegates who voted "yes" regarded this statement not only as a threat to Galvao but to the fundamental right of the UN to hear any petitioners it wants to hear. Cuba and the East European nations had still another reason for voting as they did. In their view, the Headquarters Agreement between the UN and the United States, signed in 1947, leaves too much discretion to the host country. Hence these countries felt that modification of the agreement might be hastened by Galvao's appearance. The personal risk, they felt, was a matter for Galvao to determine; all the pertinent documents have been sent to him in Sao Paulo where he has been living in exile. Few delegates, including those who voted to hear him, felt that the invitation to Galvao would provide an ideal test case. On the other hand, the fact that Portugal voted against the request and that the United States had in effect lamely supported the Portuguese position by the warning about "extradition" has probably stiffened the general feeling at the UN that some modification of the Headquarters Agreement is needed. If we know Galvao, he will accept the invitation even if he has to swim up the East River and depart, if necessary, by helicopter; or, better, simply stay on as the more or less permanent guest of the UN, comfortably bedded down in the lounge, where he would at all times be available to the press. It would be a serious mistake to underestimate his daring.

Race and Religion

The Reverend John F. Cronin, assistant director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has come up with an idea that can serve Protestant sects even more than Roman Catholics, and which can exert great influence for good in the Negro's struggle for equality. Father Cronin proposes formation in every state of interreligious committees to press for strong civil-rights legislation. The organized forces of religion, says Father Cronin, "are marching arm in arm — priest, rabbi and minister — proclaiming the dignity of man as a child of God."

Father Cronin is too kind. Many clergymen are indeed doing what he says, and interreligious organization would make their work more effective. But paralleling the conflict among the Roman Catholics of Louisiana are racism and segregation among the evangelical denominations, and these are worse than among the Catholics because they are not discussed in the churches most affected. The fact is that a

by Jaf



substantial sector of American Protestantism is sitting tight on segregation. Ironically, one of the worst offenders is the Methodist church, which originated in England as a predominantly working-class sect and in which social protest has been an animating tradition. This church has a "Central jurisdiction" embracing 350,000 Negroes. "Central" is merely a euphemism for "Negro." The purpose is, of course, to keep Southern Methodist churches segregated.

The Reverend Dr. Philip Wogman, a Methodist clergyman, discusses the problem in the October 23 *Christian Century*. The failure to solve it lends emphasis to James Baldwin's observation that "the church is the worst place to learn about Christianity." In 1956, the General Conference amended the Methodist Constitution to enable local churches or annual conferences of the Central jurisdiction to become a part of the "normal connexional structure of the territories in which they were located *provided they were invited to do so by those structures. . .*" The segregationists were delighted with this permissive wording. In the South, they just didn't issue any invitations to speak of, and the *status quo* was preserved. In 1964, the General Conference must again grapple with the problem.

Let no one cast the first stone at the Methodists however. In the November 20 *Christian Century*, Rev. Samuel Southard, who teaches at a Baptist seminary, asks, "Are Southern Churches Silent?" The newspaper headlines can blazon forth the news of riots and persecutions, but the Protestant and Jewish periodicals of Alabama and Mississippi remain silent or comment so cautiously that they might as well be silent. Mr. Southard cites an editorial by Episcopal Bishop C. J. Carpenter in the *Alabama Churchman* denouncing violence without mentioning segregation and assuring readers that most citizens are kind and peaceable! There are some 200 segregated institutions

in the Episcopalian faith, whose clergy is as urbane, dedicated and civilized a group as can be found in Christendom. Under these conditions, obviously, the churches function as spiritual comfort stations, to the distress and embarrassment of those of the clergy and the laity who take their religion seriously.

The more tightly organized Catholic Church is in a better position to discipline its segregationists. The severity with which Archbishop (now Cardinal) Joseph E. Ritter cracked down on the opposition to parochial school integration in St. Louis will not soon be forgotten. In effect, Archbishop Ritter told Catholic racists: If you want the Sacraments, integrate. Since the Catholic Church has been in the forefront of desegregation, other faiths should follow its example and welcome its help. A unified approach of the kind Father Cronin has suggested would probably have more influence than any other single factor that can be suggested.

Hoffa Again

Once more Jimmy Hoffa, the peerless scapegoat of the American economy, has sent the press into a tizzy with his plan to achieve a common expiration date for Teamster contracts. With virtually no exceptions, the press reacted resoundingly, predictably and fatuously. "Incredible as it may seem," *The Wall Street Journal* (November 13) began its editorial, "James Hoffa appears to be well on the road to dominating much of the American economy." Most of the less thoughtful media viewed the situation with greater alarm—Hoffa would dominate *all* of the economy, and the American free enterprise system was on its last legs.

Yet, if anyone other than the impossible Hoffa had proposed as sensible a measure as this, he would have been hailed as a labor statesman. Of course industry-wide bargaining is anathema to free enterprise, just as unions themselves were once anathema. But what are the facts of 1963? One of the most mischievous elements in the trucking industry is the factor of "community competition"—communities bidding against other communities and offering all kinds of special inducements, such as tax relief, etc. The trucking industry naturally wants to be protected against this demoralizing type of competition. It wants also to be protected against wildcat truckers, the small fly-by-night operators who raise hob not only with the trucking industry but with related businesses. Hoffa's proposal is designed to bring a degree of stability into this chaotic situation, dangerous alike to operators and drivers.

Hoffa is no Eagle Scout, but his misdeeds are limited by practical considerations. When one surveys the entire spectrum of his operations, one cannot reconcile the picture that emerges with the one which the press (and Robert Kennedy) has so assiduously promulgated. The power is there, and it is a very great power: a general trucking strike would shortly bring catastrophic results. It would also bring on regulatory legislation, as Hoffa well knows. In a way, Hoffa cannot use his power for the same reason that neither the

Soviet Union nor the United States can use their nuclear stockpiles. But in Hoffa's case it is a power that can legitimately be used to coordinate an industry that contains so many weak and widely scattered employers.

Another thought that may comfort those who view Hoffa as the fiend incarnate is that if he called a nation-wide strike, it would not be too difficult to break. Not only would the babies of the fat cats shortly want for milk, but the truck drivers' own babies would be in the same fix. Among the tens of millions of motorists in this country, there are several million who can drive any vehicle competently and safely after a few minutes of practice on the road. They would not be quite as fast, but they would get there. When things got rough, they would volunteer, and the truck drivers would come to terms.

No Tickets for Clurman

David Merrick, producer of Brecht's *Arturo Ui* (see p. 403), refuses to supply Harold Clurman with press tickets to any of his plays. The reason Mr. Merrick gives is that Mr. Clurman is disqualified from reviewing because he is also a director. But the producer has also withdrawn press privileges from *The New Republic*, whose play critic, Robert Brustein, has no such alleged impediment. On occasion, Mr. Merrick has instructed Mr. Clurman on how Merrick productions are to be reviewed (notices should sell a play, not discuss it), but Mr. Clurman obstinately continues to write according to his judgment of what will interest his readers.

Neither Mr. Clurman nor *The Nation* intends to be inconvenienced by this one-sided feud. We shall go to the box office for tickets to any Merrick offering Mr. Clurman wishes to see, and neither the playwrights nor the casts will suffer from association with a man who appears to believe that he can control critical discussion by manipulating the traditional courtesies of his profession.

Cooper Union

The American Association of Museums, we are happy to report, will study the problem of the Cooper Union Museum. This automatically defers action on a proposal made in September to "spin off the museum as a separate entity" (see David Cort's "Disappearance of a Museum," *The Nation*, Sept. 7). The new committee consists of fair-minded experts. Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., chairman of Cooper Union's board, has announced that all proposals so far advanced about the museum's future (proposals to keep it intact, dissolve it, relocate it, etc.) will be turned over to the committee for study. This procedure, of course, should have been adopted at the outset. The trustees have wisely heeded the protests of the "friends" of Cooper Union, whose basic insistence has been that the museum's future should not be determined by the trustees without prior consideration, by disinterested experts, of all relevant alternatives.

NEW FACES, MORE CHAOS . . . Bernard B. Fall

In the past ten years, I have written two articles for *The Nation*. The first was written on March 6, 1954, after almost a year's field research in Vietnam, where I had seen at first hand the heedless optimism of the French generals, the hopeless corruption of the Bao Dai regime and the total void of American policy. I argued at that time that the Vietnamese Government had been "divorced not only from the mass of the farmers but [also] from its most promising military cadres."

That article, since it flatly contradicted French propaganda about the military "successes" of the Navarre Plan (named after the French commander who was to lose the battle of Dienbienphu three months later); was received with restrained, albeit pained, comment from French officialdom, although it never questioned my facts or my motives. Having been in the field, I knew the war to be lost (or to be at least "unwinnable") and I advocated, even before the flower of my country's army was destroyed at Dienbienphu, a negotiation with Ho Chi Minh on the basis of the hard fact that, "deprived of the south [of Vietnam], the Ho Chi Minh regime would face either starvation . . . or a type of integration into the Red Chinese economy that would be equivalent of annexation." Nearly ten years later, *The New York Times* (November 5, 1963) quoted East European diplomats who described Chinese Communist pressure on North Vietnam as "suffocating" and alleged that Ho Chi Minh was still looking for a way out of the Chinese squeeze play.

On May 31, 1958, I wrote another article for *The Nation*, in the wake of another field trip to Vietnam. The country had changed a great deal: (the French were gone as a political and military force and had been replaced by the United States; Bao Dai and his clique of mandarins had been replaced by Ngo Dinh Diem, his family and his

clique of mandarins. My article cited chapter and verse on the resurgence of Communist-led subversion. It cited a newspaper article in the South Vietnamese press (then not yet totally muzzled) that clearly laid the problem right in front of the Diem regime's door: "Our people are fleeing the villages and returning to the cities for fear of Communist guerrillas and feudalistic officials." Those "feudalistic" officials were Diem's own mandarins whose corrupt practices were a matter of hard fact and record in Saigon—but not yet in Washington.

I warned of the "rapid spreading of ambushes and killings of minor government officials" and of the fact that "the United States cannot afford yet another defeat in Asia without losing whatever remains of Asian confidence in the West's ability to understand and cope with Oriental political, economic and social problems."

After that article, *The Nation* was swamped by an avalanche of letters originating from Diem's propaganda organization in the United States, the gist of which was that (1) I was an unreconstructed French "colonialist," (2) I "hated" the Vietnamese and (3) I did not know what I was talking about. One particular expert (who shall remain nameless, since he has changed his opinions) published a letter in *The Nation* in which he alleged that there was not an increase of terrorism in Vietnam but simply, thanks to the good works of his own organization, a better assassination-reporting system.

But that was merely a first reaction to my warnings. The next reaction came from Saigon itself. Apprised that neighboring Cambodia wanted to appoint me as professor to the Royal Institute of Administration, the Diem regime, via the United States Embassy in Saigon, had my appointment rescinded at the last moment. Very apologetically, it was explained to me that my views had become "controversial." I brought to the chief of the economic aid desk for the Indo-China area a large-scale map of village-chief killings in Vietnam,

which I had made in 1957-58 and which clearly pointed to the fact that the United States was perhaps in for an even worse Communist guerrilla threat than the French had been four years earlier.

But unbounded optimism prevailed then. Diem had officially declared in July, 1957, that "the guerrilla threat in South Vietnam had ceased to exist," and no one was going to challenge that assertion, even as the grim statistics began to stare one in the face. Diem himself admitted in October, 1957, that the Communists had killed 412 persons (mostly small officials) during the previous year—better than one a day—and by March, 1960, even the ever-optimistic and always pro-Diem *Time* reported that "deaths in this 'little war' now average ten a day."

When I returned for a third time to Southeast Asia in 1959 (under a SEATO grant to study the effects of Communist subversion on the local administration of South Vietnam, Laos, northeastern Thailand and northern Malaya), the Diem regime agreed to my entry on its territory only if I refrained from field research—a rather curious way of helping the anti-Communist struggle, but one that was to happen later to other researchers from American universities. That did not prevent me from getting my information anyway; and my report to SEATO, entirely based on openly available sources, was transmitted to Bangkok a few months later. It warned of imminent disaster in South Vietnam.

At SEATO, however, there was the same blind optimism about the Vietnam situation. In fact, a report produced by top-level security experts in 1959 (at a time when the Communists were killing well over 1,500 small Vietnamese officials a year) blithely asserted that the Communists in Southeast Asia had switched to "legal-struggle" tactics in the face of increasing Western military effectiveness in the area! Obviously, one was not supposed to be more "anti-Communist" than Diem; and when my report openly

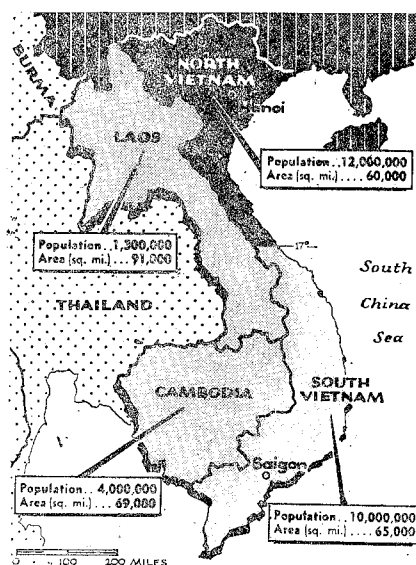
Bernard B. Fall is professor of international relations at Howard University and author of the recently published, Two Viet-Nams: A Political and Military Analysis (Praeger).

questioned the validity of official optimism, it was promptly "classified," and I was requested to turn over to SEATO the stencils used to reproduce the report. As far as I know, the report is still on SEATO's classified list. (This was not the fault of SEATO itself, for the organization must have the permission of all its member countries before such a report can be released. Some members, obviously, had no interest in bringing the worsening South Vietnam mess to public attention.)

However, in spite of the official hush-up which was taken over lock, stock and barrel from one administration in Washington to the next, the brutal facts of revolutionary war began to inscribe themselves on Vietnam's maps: more and more village officials killed by the day; more and more schoolteachers kidnaped or murdered (the whole malaria-eradication program stopped for awhile because of concentrated Viet Cong attacks against the sprayer teams); and, finally, massive attacks against South Vietnamese military targets. On May 25, 1961, President Kennedy finally admitted, in a message personally delivered to Congress, to the frightful price of that kind of war—in the past year, 4,000 small officials had been killed in South Vietnam. But the President failed to draw the clear implication of that fact for his Congressional audience—for example, that with the killings of the previous years since 1956-57, close to 10,000 such officials had been murdered by the Communists, and that the whole village structure of South Vietnam was therefore largely in the hands of men who trembled in fear of Viet Cong reprisals—unless they were Viet Congs themselves. In other words, the Diem regime had lost a large part of the battle for South Vietnam before it had even begun in earnest, and before Washington was even willing to admit that it had a war on its hands.

But the official mythology went on unchecked, both in Saigon and in Washington, the more absurd as the disparity between the facts and the myths became more and more obvious. Diem, who had falsified every election since the one that had put his republican regime into

place (he won that one with returns of 98.5 per cent in a country where he controlled only three-fourths of the population), was still hailed as the "Winston Churchill of Southeast Asia" by Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson during the latter's visit in Saigon in May, 1961. And the two years of "getting along with Diem at all costs" that were to follow were probably the grimmest example of cooperation between two essentially incompatible regimes since Churchill and Stalin fought the Nazis together prior to Pearl Harbor. How much of what was said by American officialdom during



that period was news management or simple error will never be fully explained. The Ngos at least—and particularly Mme. Nhu and her husband—never really wavered in their phobia of all things American, for they fully realized that their basic incompatibility would sooner or later result in a head-on clash. Yet the myths marched on to the bitter end. When Secretary of Defense McNamara and General Maxwell D. Taylor returned from Vietnam in October, 1963, the official communiqué asserted that the "repressive actions" of the Diem regime had "not yet significantly affected the military effort." Less than three weeks later, Diem's own most faithful officers led the military coup against his regime because, as they explained later, "we would have lost the war under Diem" as the South Vietnamese Army's morale had fallen to the point where mass desertions were feared.

Yet on November 1, the very day

of the *Putsch* in Saigon, the *Pacific Stars and Stripes*, which styles itself as an "authorized publication of the U.S. Armed Forces in the Far East," gave front-page play to an interview of senior American military commanders in Vietnam, in which the latter calmly asserted that victory was "just months away" and that the South Vietnamese Army (which was shooting at its own President with artillery and tanks by the time that issue of the *Stars and Stripes* arrived in Saigon), "just like the American soldier [is] loyal to [its] government." It is obvious that it is as impossible to get a clear picture of what is going on in Vietnam in the face of such myths as it was ten years ago in the face of similar French myths.

Perhaps the worst myth of all is that a simple change of leadership in Saigon will of itself change the character of the second Indo-China war. It is exactly the same illusion that the French generals had in Algiers on May 13, 1958, when they overthrew the Fourth French Republic in the hopes of thus "winning" the struggle against the Algerian nationalist rebellion: the struggle for power within their own ranks in no way changed the size or tactics of the enemy units, nor their appeal to the local population. In other words, the question in South Vietnam today is not "What has happened?" but, "Where do we go from here?" It is in the cold facing-up to the various alternatives, pleasant or not, that the next phase of the Vietnamese problem as a whole will lie.

In very brief, the alternatives are *grosso modo* as follows: (1) keep fighting as before "until victory"; (2) keep fighting until the basis for a negotiation can be found; (3) negotiate with North Vietnam more or less tête-à-tête; (4) negotiate with North Vietnam within the framework of a Geneva-type international conference.

Officially, all but the first are considered distasteful. In fact, in its first foreign-policy statement since the coup, the junta on November 12 ruled out any contacts with North Vietnam along the lines suggested by various neutral and French sources, and which Nhu, if not Diem, is alleged to have initiated a few months ago. However,

"victory" according to the first solution must again be subdivided into several unpleasant possibilities: (a) Victory by *military attrition* of the adversary may—if at all obtainable—be far away and very costly; the Malayan war lasted thirteen years, the Algerian war eight years, the Huk war six years. (b) An "escalation" of the war to include American ground forces on one side and Red Chinese and North Vietnamese forces on the other may still yield nothing more than a Korea-type cease-fire (also negotiated with the unmentionable Reds, incidentally); but it will surely make a shambles of all Vietnam; it will transform North Vietnam into a total Chinese satrapy, and may even (at the worst) heal part of the Sino-Soviet rift. (c) A gradual reduction of the Communist threat where it becomes little else but acceptable banditism (like the Dacoits in Burma or the Communist remnants in Malaya) seems to be the ideal solution that Washington appears to aim for at present, but it does not seem to take into account the various crucial factors that make the Vietnam war different from those in Malaya and the Philippines.

The second solution resembles what the French aimed to do in 1952-54 and what the United States and UN did in Korea in 1951-53. While at first glance the most palatable (for it can at least be delayed until politically least oner-

ous), it usually runs into the following seesaw: each victory of one's own side diminishes the ardor for negotiation ("we've got them on the run"), while each defeat of one's own side leads one to say that one should not "negotiate from a weak position." The risk is that one may have to negotiate from a Dienbienphu, but in South Vietnam today that is not very likely.

The other two solutions are not as difficult in the "how" aspect as in the "what." No one is interested in simply "giving" South Vietnam to Ho Chi Minh no matter what the color of the silver platter. Yet, if Ho were only interested (as he keeps on saying he is) in establishing economic and cultural relations with South Vietnam at the level of those existing between the two Germanys in spite of the Berlin Wall, then he surely would not be paying the awfully steep price of perhaps 50,000 casualties a year—even though many of them are innocent South Vietnamese farmers rather than hard-core guerrillas—simply for the joy of driving home that point. That is the point that is being made, mainly to show that North Vietnam makes such overtures for negotiations for propaganda purposes only; to which the partisans of at least exploratory talks reply that we will never know the real answer until we ask the questions first.

But all this preliminary sparring will be of little importance within

a few weeks. The present civilian-military regime in Saigon will of necessity undergo some pretty wide-ranging changes as the non-Communist but anti-Diem Vietnamese leaders return from exile and from the concentration camps. They have scores to settle and views to express, and in many cases they will not accept collaboration with some of Diem's own stooges who turned their coats around at the last moment. The political views of those non-Communist Vietnamese leaders go from outright neutralism, in the case of former Premier Tran Van Huu, to those of ultra-conservatives who simply want a Diem regime without Diem. Some of them, such as Dr. Phan Quang Dan who spent the last three years in Diem's torture chambers, were democratically inclined and wholesomely pro-American. What Diem's jails have done to their outlook I do not know. All those people will make their views felt in Saigon in some way or another, and it would be another example of fatal official blindness to simply hope for a business-as-usual continuation of counter-guerrilla operations.

In South Vietnam, the time has come for building policies on elements that are somewhat more solid than myths and unbounded optimism, unless that new Vietnamese revolution should go to waste and with it, the last hopes of saving some sort of non-Communist Vietnam from the shambles.

PITFALLS AND BENEFITS

THE SHORTER WORKWEEK . . . Jack C. Rothwell

John F. Kennedy, candidate, summed up his program in the following terms:

The new frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises; it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend to offer the American people, but what I intend to ask of them. It appeals to their pride, not their pocketbook; it holds out the promise of more sacrifice instead of more security.

The point was made with equal eloquence in the President's inaugural address:

And so, my fellow Americans:

ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

Perhaps with less eloquence (but certainly with as much conviction), the President's running mate, Senator Johnson, called in 1957 for a lengthening of the forty-hour workweek in order to meet the Russian missile threat:

Either we tighten the belt around our waist or the Communists will tighten the noose around our throat.

The nation seemed ready, even inspired, to get this country moving

again, even if it *did* mean "more sacrifice instead of more security." One can imagine the surprise, then, when the modern-day minuteman was asked by his leader to pick up a consumer durable at the corner store instead of man the muskets.

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The sacrifice was to be a cut in taxes—more take-home pay. This was the keystone of the Kennedy program.

Yet the paradox of the affluent sacrifice was more apparent than real. It can be explained in simple terms: the economy of this nation is capable of producing (1) the men and arms needed to defend itself at this stage of the cold war and (2) the goods and services effectively demanded by its citizens without (3) any kind of forced-draft production methods, so that (4) the real sacrifice becomes one of (5) shelving the orthodox economic idea that (6) any decrease in taxes should be accompanied by a decrease in spending so that (7) we can put more people to work.

Indeed, the tax-cut proposal is based upon the fact that this economy is capable of producing a *far greater* quantity of goods than its people are capable of purchasing at current levels of income and employment. It is hoped that the cut will provide the additional purchasing power needed to bring the economy up to higher levels of output, employment and income. And it is hoped that the greater national income thus generated will swell the federal coffers (higher income = higher tax receipts despite lower tax rates) so that the federal government will be able to buy the things our economy is more than capable of producing without running a budget deficit in the process.

The all-out Administration effort on the tax bill virtually has precluded (from a political standpoint) any serious consideration of the increasingly voluble proposal to cut the standard workweek.* On economic grounds as well, the Administration's attitude has been thumbs down.

The President has taken the position that it is more desirable to absorb the unemployed into the labor force by increasing output than by sharing the present work load. On his September swing through the West, Kennedy spoke of possible reduction in the workweek, but explained in his October 9 news conference that his thoughts were of the longer run.

*Forty hours with time-and-a-half for overtime, a product of the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938.

I think that the needs of American production are such that we ought to stick with our 40-hour week.

I see the time coming, as I was saying, at the end of the century—perhaps sooner than that—when there may be a change in that. Not now.

Despite the President's lack of enthusiasm, labor continues to push for the thirty-five-hour week. The pressure comes from deep down in the labor movement, from rank-and-file members with deep feelings of insecurity and frustration over the high rate of unemployment and the possible impact of automation on their jobs. The pressure shows up in the increasing number of negotiated settlements which are turned down in local union votes. And it has prompted top labor brass to act, even though it is reported to be less than enthusiastic over near-term prospects for a cut in the workweek. In a recent AFL-CIO pamphlet, George Meany wrote with unusual candor:

No one—certainly not the AFL-CIO—maintains that under ordinary circumstances 40 hours a week are excessive on grounds of health, safety or undue restriction of leisure time. On the contrary, the labor movement would be delighted if 40 hours of work were available to all who wanted them . . . [but] it seems clear beyond question that 40-hour jobs will not be available to all Americans under presently foreseen

able circumstances. This means a continuation of the intolerably high unemployment we have suffered for five full years. . . . These points . . . lead us to believe that a 35-hour week, with increased penalty pay to discourage overtime, is essential to the present and future economic health of the United States and therefore the free world.

Whether or not Mr. Meany is correct in his prognostication, the record of recent years does indeed leave much to be desired. For each of the past five years, unemployment has averaged 5½ per cent or more, the result of some undefinable admixture of demand deficiency, automation, change in consumer tastes (as from coal to oil), rank racial discrimination and many other factors. Emphasis, however, has been on the first two factors enumerated above, and the pressure from within the labor movement is primarily linked to automation.

The term "automation" applies to the development and linkage of three different technical processes: (1) The integration of conventionally separate manufacturing processes into continuous production lines; (2) the use of servomechanisms or "feed-back" control devices which, with electronically sensitive "fingers," are able to compare the way work is actually being done with the way it is supposed to be done and then make any adjustments needed in the work process; (3) the application of computers



Punch: Ben Roth Agency

"They seem to have revived unemployment"

which, through programed instructions, are able to direct the entire production process.

The upshot is fast, efficient production with a considerable reduction in labor requirements. In manufacturing engine blocks, for example, rough castings enter at one end of a production line and go by a series of machines that perform boring, broaching, drilling, honing, milling and tapping operations with electronic nerve centers directing the block from machine to machine. Compared to previous nonautomatic performance, the automated engine plants of the Ford Motor Company had doubled production and were employing only 10 per cent of their previous work force by 1959.

Some feel that automation will ultimately increase employment by (1) lowering costs and prices and thereby increasing demand and (2) by providing jobs in the new industries which make the automatic devices that make goods. Others retort that manufacturers don't always decrease prices when costs decline and that, so far at least, the expansion of new jobs in new industries (such as the manufacture of computers) has been less than the decline in jobs in firms using the devices.

A cursory glance at employment statistics is enough to dramatize labor fears. There were one million fewer production workers employed in manufacturing in 1962 than a scant half-dozen years earlier. Despite the decline, output increased 20 per cent during the period. Shortly after World War II, it took about 311 production-worker man-hours to build a car. Recently, the figure was down to 153. It now takes about eleven production-worker man-hours to make a ton of steel—down from fifteen at war's end. The number of miners required to supply the nation with coal has dropped from 425,000 in 1947 to the present 130,000. And the time necessary to produce a ton of coal has been cut in half. On top of this, agricultural employment has been falling by about 200,000 a year.

The employment increases occurring in recent years have been mainly in service activities. But these increases have been insufficient to offset declines elsewhere and provide employment for new additions to the labor force.

The root of the technology issue was succinctly put by Mr. Kennedy in his *Manpower Report of the President*, transmitted to the Congress in March of this year.

In the earlier decades of this century, technological change developed mass-production, mass-assembly techniques with great expansion opportunities for semi-skilled workers with relatively little education. In the fifties, the new technology was increasingly devoted to automating production and materials-handling processes, with concomitant increased demand for more highly skilled and trained manpower and lessened demand for workers in semi-skilled occupations. The signs in the early sixties are that extension of automatic data processing is also limiting manpower needs in some office and clerical occupations, further compounding problems of adjustment.

And what of the future? Mr. Kennedy continues:

From 1953 to 1962, investment in scientific research and development tripled. The rapid flow of technological innovation promises a future in which material want is all but unknown. But this future can only be reached by change, often with dislocation. In the process, the manpower requirements of the nation will be profoundly altered.

And not only technical change is in prospect. The number of new job-seekers is expected to grow more rapidly in the sixties, resulting in a net addition of about 13 million to the labor force. This is more than 50 per cent greater than the addition in the fifties. If we were to add new jobs in the next five years at a rate comparable to that in the last, we would have over 5½ million unemployed by 1967, over 7 per cent of the labor force.

Little wonder, then, that the unions should be concerned about job security and should be pushing for shorter hours. And the push has not gone unheralded. Already there has been a Congressional study of the issue. At mid-year, the House Select Subcommittee on Labor held hearings on the *Hours of Work* and scheduled another round for November. There are three major bills before the Committee now: One introduced by Rep. Elmer J. Holland (D-Pa.) which would require time-and-a-half after thirty-two hours; a second by Rep. Roland V. Libonati

(D-Ill.) and Adam Clayton Powell (D-N.Y.) to require time-and-a-half after thirty-seven-and-a-half hours, beginning two years after enactment, and after thirty-five hours two years later; and a third by Rep. James G. O'Hara (D-Mich.) to require double time after forty hours in mining, most construction, communications and public utilities.

Prospects for Congressional approval of the bills are dim, given the opposition of the Administration. But the hearings will at least spotlight some of the important merits and demerits of the proposed legislation. And the witnesses scheduled to appear will doubtless reveal the multitude of uncertainties associated with a reduction in work hours.

These uncertainties, in fact, are the bedrock of opposition to the workweek proposals. No one knows exactly what would happen if hours were reduced; hence there are several areas of controversy concerning the hours of labor. One of the most important is the decline in productive potential which a cut in the workweek might bring.

With respect to the nation, there is a certain output potential associated with full employment at a forty-hour week. A decrease in the average workweek would tend to reduce this potential and thereby limit the range of increase in our standard of living. In other words, the nation would forgo the consumption of goods it might otherwise enjoy if the workweek were cut. And to forgo consumption is a social cost.

On the other hand, one might question such a materialistic philosophy on the grounds that leisure, too, is a desirable commodity, and to give up leisure in order to consume an ever-growing proliferation of goods is also to incur a social cost. Indeed, the nation could work a sixty-hour week, as it did at the turn of the century, and have even more goods; but there would be precious little time to enjoy them.

A second argument with regard to the social cost of forgone consumption is simply that we may never reach the theoretical potential associated with full employment at forty hours — never reach it because we may never achieve full employment without a reduction in

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the workweek. And if the potential is never to become a reality at the forty-hour week, we forgo nothing but a dream by cutting work hours.

The case for the affirmative encounters a bit rougher going when international politics is brought into the picture. For the fact is we don't live in a comfortable little world all to ourselves but must share the sphere with Mr. Khrushchev who has threatened to bury us — not literally, he assures us, but figuratively — with production of goods.

International power politics thus would seem to throw a monkey wrench into the workweek proposal. The reasoning is that the nations which have retained their sovereignty have usually been the powerful ones. The powerful ones have power because they can defend themselves. They can defend themselves because they can throw a lot of lances, arrows, lead or bombs at an aggressor (or at a peaceful neighbor, for that matter). They can throw a lot of lead because they can produce a lot of lead. Thus sovereignty equals production, and anything that decreases productive potential undermines sovereignty.

Of course, there is a lot to be said for this argument. To a very large extent sovereignty in today's world probably does equal production. But is there some point in modern-day power politics where an increase in the rate of addition to productive potential adds to sovereignty at a significantly decreasing rate? Are there diminishing returns to scale?

It is quite possible that such diminishing returns do exist. One reason is the changing technology of war. Delivering destructive fire power does not require such a massive marshaling of resources as it once did. And already we possess the nuclear weapons and delivery systems to demolish the Soviet Union. The "overkill" potential of this capacity has been widely noted. Tactical atomic weapons have also come into their own. Today several men in a truck can set up and fire a weapon that will demolish a division — and they can do all this in a time span measured in minutes. There is even talk at the present time of a *reduction* in the defense budget. Indeed, some busi-



nessmen are taking this possibility into consideration in planning their capital budget for the *next few years*. And government economists are already calculating the impact on the economy of such a cutback.

But the fact is that our economy is capable of providing for our military needs at the present time without physical strain on the nation's resources, and it is quite possible that it could continue to do so even if a cut in work hours were to decrease the rate of addition to our productive potential. If at some future time it appeared that we were failing to meet our military needs, it would not be impossible to *reverse* our course and *increase* work hours.

As for our relative position vis-à-vis the Russians, we have been concerned about the Soviet economy's rate of growth for some years. The concern is heard less often now that Khrushchev is turning to the West for wheat and since China has failed to secure her Great Leap Forward, but it will doubtless be heard again as the Soviet economic situation improves. When we hear concern about growth, we would do well to keep it in perspective. Growth per se does not necessarily mean a deterioration in our military strength relative to that of the Soviet Union, given the technology of modern war. Moreover, the Soviets will have to grow a long time before they reach our absolute level of production, and before they do, past experience and economic theory tell us that their rate of growth should decline under the pressure of diminishing returns.*

Probably no one *really* knows

*For those concerned about the enhanced capacity for international subversion and economic aid that growth will bring to the Soviets, it should be remembered that our own capacity in this direction is limited, not by our industrial capacity, but by our annual appropriations.

whether a reduction in work hours would diminish our ability to defend ourselves. Yet the issue should be explored. In the literature on the workweek there is a good deal of passive acceptance of the national defense argument with little searching exploration.

A second large area of uncertainty associated with a cut in the workweek is cost. Labor's goal is to obtain a cut in hours without a reduction in weekly pay. This means a hike in hourly pay rates. The per cent increase in hourly pay required to maintain existing weekly payrolls varies (as shown below) with the magnitude of the reduction in hours.

Cut from 40 hours to	Per cent increase in hourly pay to maintain same weekly pay
39	2.6
38	5.3
37½	6.7
36	11.1
35	14.3
32	25.0

Critics of the workweek proposals say that wage-rate hikes might bring both domestic and international difficulties. On the home front, an increase in hourly labor costs could cause anything from recession to inflation, according to the timing of the increase and the size of the wage-rate hike relative to gains in productivity.

If the rise in hourly wages exceeds increases in hourly output, then labor costs will rise per unit of output. When unit costs rise, management is faced with an important decision: whether to absorb the increase in costs (thereby decreasing profits) or to pass the increase along to the consumer in the form of price hikes. This is where timing comes in.

If hours are cut during a period of brisk business expansion — when demand for goods is pressing business to produce near-capacity, and when competition to

sell goods is not intense — then business may raise prices. This would mean that the worker's wage would buy less — his standard of living would fall — he would have reduced his hours of work at the cost (to him) of a reduction in his effective ability to consume goods. This situation, in turn, would probably cause union leadership to press for wage hikes, which would mean (under the assumed conditions) further increases in business costs and another round of price increases — the familiar wage-price spiral accompanied, most likely, by labor-management unrest, strikes and lost production.

On the other hand, if the decrease in hours (and increase in unit labor costs) occurs during a period characterized by lax demand, troublesome unemployment and more intense competition (a time much like the present), then much of the increase in costs probably would be absorbed by employers, resulting in a fall in profits. If pressures on profits did indeed develop, employers might respond in at least three ways.

First, some marginal firms might be forced out of business and unemployment would result. Second, since prospective profits are an important determinant of business investment, business might cut back its capital outlays on new plants and equipment. The result would be a decrease in the number of new jobs available to an expanding labor force and again, more unemployment. Third, with pressure on profits, business would try to shave costs as much as possible. Instead of hiring more workers to maintain output after the cut in the standard workweek, many firms might put in more productive equipment or simply pay overtime to keep the existing labor force working the same number of hours. Overtime pay might prove less burdensome because of the cost of fringe benefits for new employees: contributions to pension funds, payments to the state for unemployment insurance, etc.

On net balance then, if the cost of overtime is less than the cost of additional fringe benefits for a large segment of business, if new and more productive equipment is installed and if the rise in unit

costs forces a substantial increase in business failures and a sizable decline in the rate of investment, then a cut in the workweek might actually result in an *increase* in unemployment and might even send us spiraling downward into a recession. But so much for the domestic situation. How about the critical area of foreign trade and the balance of payments?

Internationally, a hike in wage rates might raise costs to the extent that it would no longer be profitable for many American firms to compete with foreigners in foreign markets. Moreover, if United States prices increased, Americans might increase their purchases of foreign goods. Such a decrease in export receipts and increase in import payments would mean a deterioration in our balance of payments with the rest of the world. We would earn less from foreigners and, among other things, we would find it a great deal more difficult

to keep troops and bases abroad.

This is a pretty dark picture. And it serves well to illustrate the range of uncertainties associated with a cut in the workweek. Yet is this *all* the story? Is there not some way out of this cost dilemma? The answer is yes. For the argument above rests on one key assumption: that the cut in hours proceeds at such a rapid pace that increases in wage rates are proportionately greater than increases in output per man-hour, producing rising unit costs. What if the cut in hours occurs at a slower pace?

Historically, productivity has increased at a rate of about 2½ to 3 per cent a year in the United States. In other words, a man-hour of labor that produces, say, 100 bobby pins in '63 will probably produce 103 in '64. Given these conditions, if the workers in the bobby pin factory desire a decrease in work hours, and if they agree to cut hours by an amount roughly proportionate to the increase in

As shown in the table below, the workweek has tended to compensate for changes in demand (Gross National Product) since the early part of the century. When demand increases and unemployment declines, the workweek tends to increase (or decrease relatively slightly) to facilitate the increase in production.

PERCENTAGE CHANGES FROM FIRST YEAR
IN PERIOD TO AVERAGE FOR PERIOD

Period	Unemployment as a per cent of the labor force	Gross National Product	Average workweek
1939-45	— 57.6	+ 38.0	+ 10.0
1922-29	— 45.0	+ 20.9	+ 1.0
1900-10	— 22.0	+ 51.1	— 2.3
1911-19	— 16.1	+ 8.8	— 2.6
1946-55	0	+ 16.4	— 0.2
1956-62	+ 44.7	+ 7.0	— 1.2
1920-21	+ 100.0	— 4.3	— 4.4
1930-38	+ 110.3	— 5.6	— 9.3

Source: U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census, *Historical Statistics, Colonial Times to Present*, 1960.
_____, *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 1961, 1962.

When unemployment increases, the adjustment process works in reverse. The workweek tends to decline by larger amounts, thereby inhibiting further increases in unemployment.

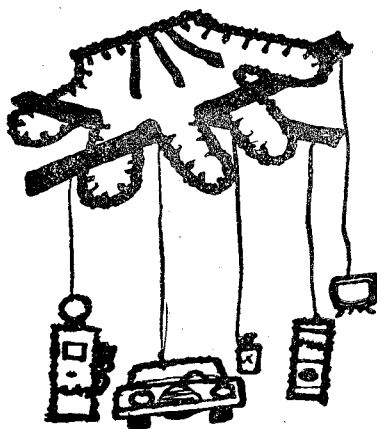
Yet for the most recent period, 1956-62, unemployment was up by 44.7 per cent, demand (GNP) increased by the smallest amount for any of the periods of increasing demand and the average workweek (instead of registering a significant decline to compensate for the small growth in demand) showed the second *smallest* decline of any period.

And the pattern is not the result of the particular periods chosen. The same type of pattern prevails, for example, if simple five-year changes are examined—(1901-05, 1906-10, etc.).

productivity — then they will produce the same number of bobby pins at roughly the same cost and unit costs will not rise.

Thus one way to cut hours and avoid the cost difficulties is to spread the reduction in hours over several years. Instead of dropping hours from forty to thirty-five in one jump and increasing hourly pay rates by 14.3 per cent (as shown in the table), do it over a period of around five years. Of course, the impact will be different on some individual firms and industries than on others because of individual differences in productivity, cost structure and peculiarities in equipment, methods and products. But average unit costs in the nation should stay relatively stable.

Yet two important caveats remain even under these conditions. Keeping the decline in hours in line with productivity gains would tend to make existing jobs more secure and might require hiring new workers to increase production, but it is possible that the new workers required could be obtained from new entrants into the labor force so that no dent would be made in existing unemployment. Other measures would then be required to cut the existing unemployment rate. The hours reduction would serve only to keep the rate from rising. And to be sure that new workers instead of



overtime hours were added in order to raise output, it might be necessary to raise the penalty overtime rate—say from time-and-a-half to double time for overtime.

A second important caveat is this: there is strong pressure in this country for increases in wage rates when unemployment declines and output approaches capacity. Yet it would be necessary to forgo wage hikes at a time when hours were being cut if stable unit costs were to be maintained. Thus some type of formal or informal agreement between labor, management and perhaps the President would be necessary to prevent wage rates from rising, the President bringing the full weight of public opinion to bear on any offending union or

other group of workers. And no one can be sure, of course, that this type of arrangement would be completely successful. Hence we have another of the many uncertainties associated with workweek legislation.

Whether or not the standard workweek is indeed reduced in the next few years will be dependent in large measure upon the success of the President's tax reduction proposal. Will it pass? Will the resulting increase in expenditures be sufficient to create employment opportunities for an expanding labor force and to reduce the present unemployment rate? If not, the pressure for a workweek reduction may become irresistible.

Most economists agree that the workweek will probably decline in the long run. For the fundamental advance in technical know-how is rendering the labor force increasingly productive, and we will probably desire more leisure to enjoy the goods we produce.

If the tax reduction is indeed unsuccessful in getting unemployment down to tolerable levels, then it would seem desirable in the *short run* to implement what we expect in the *long run*—to reduce the workweek, providing we can keep the cut in line with productivity gains and keep a lid on wage demands.

Mississippi

UNDERGROUND ELECTION . . . Jeannine Herron

Jackson, Miss.

Bullets, beatings, arrests and fines drove the campaign of Aaron Henry, a Negro, for Governor "underground" as the 1963 gubernatorial campaign neared a climax in Mississippi. The outrageously "uppi" plan for a mock campaign of unregistered Negro voters to dramatize the flagrant totalitarianism of Southern politics was taken seriously by the white power structure. As a result of this, harassment and intimidation plagued Henry's cam-

paign workers all over the state.

Despite the unexpected severity of these difficulties and a disappointing blackout by local news and national wire services, the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) polled a highly significant 82,000 votes. COFO (consisting of NAACP, SCLC, CORE and SNCC), working on a state-wide project for the first time, managed to total the margin of difference between the Republican and Democratic votes in only three weeks of campaigning.

Two things undoubtedly worried Southern traditionalists. First, the integrated ticket — Dr. Aaron Henry, a Negro pharmacist, and

Reverend Edwin King, white Tougaloo College chaplain — confounded their argument that Negroes, if allowed to vote, would "take over" the state.

Second, the platform of the Freedom Party raised issues at the heart of the depressing problems in Mississippi, a state that seems to rank fiftieth in almost every field. It is unprecedented to speak of justice, free elections, economics and education even in a game of "Let's Pretend We Have the Vote." In the official gubernatorial race. Rubel Phillips, the first Republican candidate since Reconstruction; repeated monotonously, "K.O. the Ken-

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December 7, 1963

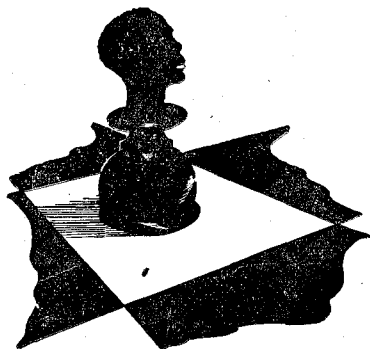
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nedys!" while Paul Johnson's Democratic pamphlet warned darkly, "DANGER, Two party system in Mississippi would END OUR WAY OF LIFE. Vote November 5 to stamp out Republicanism!"

But the final tally for Henry and King proved that Negroes are capable and willing to engage in the political affairs of their state, that they are vitally interested in a better society for *all* Mississippians and that they will have even greater resistance to overcome before the make-believe becomes real.

The unusual protest technique of a "mock ballot" was augmented and modified by the flexibility of such resourceful leaders as Robert Moses, campaign manager, in meeting unpredictable problems. In areas where threats had genuinely frightened local leaders and no churches or stores were available for polling places, he contrived "votemobiles," mobile ballot boxes carried in cars by campaign teams. Where even votemobiles were forced out and ballots confiscated, the campaign encouraged underground ballots, or mail-in votes. The committee made skillful use of an amazing contingent of more than seventy-five out-of-state students, mostly from Yale, who joined local workers to canvass and poll nearly every little town in the state.

The power of local authorities in exercising their whims was effective insofar as it kept the Negroes from realizing their goal of 200,000 votes. Nearly everyone actively working on the campaign was arrested, detained or fined. There were at least seventy arrests for everything from littering and vagrancy to sodomy. Bonds went as high as \$1,000 for fictitious traffic violations. With only three or four lawyers daring to take civil-rights cases in all of Mississippi,



several cases that should have been appealed were not contested. Had Negro citizens been free of fear, the vote most surely would have been doubled.

Among the particularly hazardous areas was Natchez. Bruce Payne, a Yale student, was pulled out of his votemobile and beaten by four white men in a gas station. They warned him to "stay out of Natchez." The next day Payne and George Greene, a SNCC worker, were forced off the road by the same men. Making a crucial decision, Greene reversed suddenly and got back onto the highway as three shots hit the car, one puncturing a tire. Speeding away on the slowly leaking tire, he somehow managed to lose his pursuers. The following day, in the same area, another votemobile was chased at speeds up to 115 mph.

In Picayune, three Hattiesburg Negroes and two white Yale students were detained by police for questioning. When they returned to their car, they found the gas tank full of water. The local garage could not repair the damage. A crowd of men and boys followed them while they hired a car and driver to take them out of town. Police and members of the crowd stopped the car north of Poplarville, and officials took the driver away in their car. In the confusion one boy was separated from the others and walked from 1 to 7 A.M. when he was picked up by a SNCC search car. The other four finally managed to flag down a Greyhound bus, which took them to New Orleans.

It took remarkable courage to enter a town like Belzoni where two Negroes have been shot in the last eight years for registering to vote. Willie James Shaw (they call him "preacher Shaw" at SNCC) was not going to be turned around. He sat on the hood of his votemobile and started singing freedom songs. The local Negroes stood in a silent, fearful group, not daring to vote in the presence of several police officers. Then Shaw got angry and began to preach.

"What's wrong with you? Negro, don't you know you got nothing left to lose? White man's got everything. Stand up and tell that white man you gonna be FREE!" The atmosphere of fear got thicker, but Willie preached on, seeming to have mesmerized himself, the



crowd and the police. Then, miraculously, two women and a little girl joined Willie's singing. One by one they began to vote. Thirty-eight ballots were polled for Henry and King in Belzoni, but the police confiscated them as they took Willie off to jail for parking too close to a fire hydrant.

It may have all been make-believe, but both sides read it as a true story and as a portent of the future. Although the outcome of the Freedom Campaign had no effect on the actual gubernatorial race, the image of thousands of Negroes casting ballots for the first time for candidates they believed in could not be taken lightly by the white elite. With the issue of schools looming ahead next year they will let no challenge go by without battle. Their frantic efforts to submerge a mock campaign reveal their fear. They have left hasty, inadequate trenches behind them as they have backed away.

The confusion of a retreat sometimes leaves little time for consideration of where the next line should be drawn. Desperation and impotence create poignantly humorous scenes, such as the public library in Selma, Ala., that has no chairs, or the benchless Jackson zoo. In some places where selective buying is crippling local businesses, the Citizens Councils are threatening anti-boycott boycotts.

The campaign had its moments too. A votemobile driver so infuriated a state trooper that in a dramatic seizure of frustration he snatched the boy's license and scrawled "AGGITATER" across it. Several times students were arrested for resisting arrest. No other charge. In Hattiesburg, police tried various means of stopping a cam-

paign rally. After sulking because they could not tell the difference between Yalies and local whites, they triumphantly decided to admit only whites who could produce Yale I.D. cards! Outside, in a final burst of petulance, they blew horns and fire sirens to drown out the speaker, but Aaron Henry broke his rhythm only long enough to shout, "There's a fire burning in

here, all right, but those firemen will NEVER put it out." The sirens were silenced by cheers.

Norman Thomas, who spoke for the Freedom Party in Greenwood, and who narrowly escaped harassment himself, summed it up in a letter to President Kennedy: "We have in Mississippi a state obsessed with maintenance of segregation in support of white supremacy.

It is a religion which, like communism to its believers, cleanses and sanctifies lies, perjury, perversion of law, perhaps even murder to maintain itself. This situation is America's business. I do not write as a sensationalist but as a veteran campaigner who has frequently covered the United States without finding a parallel or precedent for what I found in Mississippi."

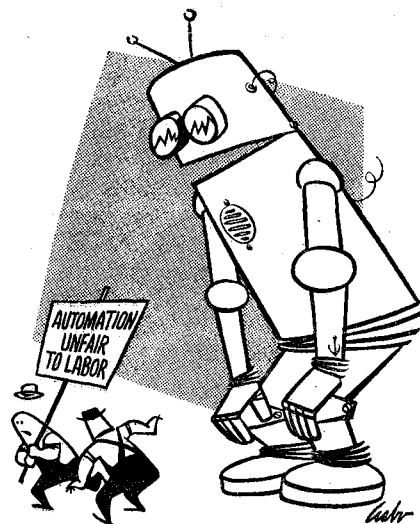
LABOR DUCKS THE FUTURE . . . B. J. Widick

New York City

Perhaps the chief obstacle to the understanding of the contemporary American labor movement is that it is difficult to separate the myths from the realities. This difficulty was reflected at the biennial convention of the AFL-CIO. The task is rendered more difficult still by the nature of the current debate between the "disenchanted liberals" and the "tired bureaucrats." Both groups abounded at the convention here and occupied the center of the stage. However, in the long run, their views were about as important — and their tone as vicious — as some of the sectarian arguments of the 1930s.

To begin with, in simple recognition of the reality, the title AFL-CIO should be changed by dropping the letters CIO. There is no such latter bloc of unions, and retaining the fiction only confuses; the AFL-CIO is a heterogeneous group of unions fulfilling more the traditional legislative role of the AFL than a unified labor movement reflecting a dynamic social institution. What this means is that after the convention, each union powerful enough to go its own way did so, although paying lip service to convention decisions. Three important cases in point are the civil-rights issue, organization drives and relations with the Teamsters Union.

Union conventions have increasingly become settings for creating a proper public relations "image," and less forums for discussing ideas about the pressing problems facing



the trade unions. When real life does protrude into the deliberations, it usually does so in spite of all efforts to exclude it. This convention was no exception.

The mood and tone of the convention were set by George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, its dominant figure and its personification. Meany's mood was a combination of anti-intellectualism and frustration over the perplexities of our times. His targets were the critics of labor (especially, friendly critics of labor) and the "curse" of automation. His first task was made easier by the journalistic exaggerations of some critics: the theory that collective bargaining is only twenty-eight years old and already obsolete was a godsend for Meany; it enabled him to avoid facing up to the crisis in collective bargaining. Meany could deride that theory with a simple recital of facts: bargaining is much older — railroad and building trades industries are major examples — and collective bar-

gaining contracts do number 150,000, do cover over 13.5 million workers and are a permanent feature of our industrial relations system. Debatable are the limited scope of the collective bargaining process and the impact of automation on current contract relationships.

The flavor of Meany's remarks makes intelligent discussion difficult, if not impossible:

I wonder if these writers would care to take such a backward journey themselves, to leave the comfort and security of their universities, their foundations financed by fortunes gained at the expense of working people and their editorial departments of conservative newspapers and go back to the days when their daily bread and beer came from the WPA projects or anemic union payrolls, and when their audiences did not extend very far beyond the meetings of the Young Peoples' Socialist League.

I regret very much that I know of no way to recapture for our friends the romance and excitement and adventure of those good old days, but life being what it is, we will just have to grin and bear the trials and tribulations and tortures of success.

Meany added to the applause of the audience. His targets of the moment were Paul Jacobs and A. H. Raskin, but his polemic was even more pointed toward some of the past criticisms of the AFL-CIO, made by a man sitting on the stage at that very moment: Walter P. Reuther.

A few minutes later Meany himself sounded like a soapbox orator of the 1930s predicting the early doom of capitalism.

There is no longer any question in my mind as to the direction in which automation is going today.

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There is no element of blessing in it. It is rapidly becoming a real curse to this society. When you study what's happening, you realize that this is a real threat. This could bring us to a national catastrophe. Every big corporation in America is in a mad race to produce more and more with less and less labor without any feeling as to what it may mean to the whole national economy.

The irony is that this last viewpoint is dismissed by labor as "ultra-leftism" when uttered by any critics of the new and widely heralded innovations in collective bargaining on the issues of automation, but becomes proof of dynamic militancy of an individual who never has negotiated a contract in his life.

Of course, the frustration of Meany and this convention was aggravated on the issue of automation because their political idol, President John F. Kennedy, ignored their cries of anguish and rejects their program of a thirty-five-hour basic workweek as a partial answer to reducing the impact of automation. And Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz pointedly disputed Meany's gloomy views about automation.

Having A. Philip Randolph lead the discussion on civil rights was a personal tribute to the grand old man of the Negro revolution who only a few years ago was castigated by George Meany. "Who the hell appointed you spokesman of the Negroes?" Meany asked in 1959. But the building trades are still go-



Ben Roth Agency

ing to drag their feet unless social pressures against them continue, and everybody at the convention knew it. There was no indication that anything but a ritual ceremony over the ethical practices code would occur. Hal C. Banks has the support of the official AFL-CIO. Maurice Hutcheson will remain on the executive council, while Jimmy Hoffa cools his heels at the door.

Walter Reuther's role at the convention, or lack thereof, reflects his isolation in the bureaucracy. He remains boxed in. Meanwhile everybody (except Paul Hall and Joe Beirne) does business with Hoffa, who keeps seeing more and more resolutions passed urging his readmission into the AFL-CIO by people who simultaneously support Meany. The philosophy of each union for itself dominates; this is the

reality, as against the myth of labor unity so frequently proclaimed in the speeches.

Membership of trade unions remains stagnant, with gains in one sector and losses in another. But 17 million workers in unions are a basic fact of American industrial society, and their permanence is assured.

The symbols of trade-union material success are real. The union leadership can afford a convention at the Americana Hotel. The public relations department of the AFL-CIO can buy a beautifully done supplement to the Sunday *New York Times* in which both the myths and the realities can be found by close scrutiny. Unions do have money, except for the small ones that together face a need for unification. Most contracts will be renegotiated without the necessity for strikes.

Lacking are new leaders and new ideas. The delegates are just older and more tired. Unionism-as-usual dominates, and labor projects a poor image as a force seeking to preserve the *status quo*, rather than vividly attracting a new generation with new ideas. How long will it last? Longer than is good for the democratic health of the nation. The fresh air on the American scene remains the new, vast social movement of the Negroes' struggle for full citizenship. And labor is far from being integrated into this struggle.

The Pathology of Affluence Terence Morris

When Harold Macmillan, in one of his speeches, used the phrase (by which many Conservative politicians have since been sorely embarrassed), "We have never had it so good," he was attempting to say that under his government the standard of living in Britain had never been higher. Politics apart,

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he was probably right. The memories of the ordinary British man in the street, stretching back over the last thirty-five years, are of thin times. The depression years of the 30s witnessed indeed a decline in the living standards of the unemployed and under-employed, and if the war years brought work and full bellies, they brought few luxuries. The postwar period of Socialist administration from 1945 to 1950 did not seem to bring much, either—except high taxation, fuel shortages and a continuation of food rationing. At least that is how many erstwhile Labour voters saw

it in 1951 when they voted the Conservatives back into office.

What happened between 1950 and 1955 that the austerity of the early postwar years was replaced by the "affluence" of the late '50s and early '60s? Full employment had kept money in the industrial worker's pocket, but the concentration on production for the export market had maintained an acute shortage of consumer goods. In 1950, twenty-year-old family cars were selling for as much as \$900: waiting lists for new ones were up to two years' long, and legally binding covenants attempted to restrict

their speculative resale. TV was a middle-class luxury; refrigerators and washing machines were virtually unknown outside the homes of the traditionally well-to-do. Ten years later, all that has changed. Prewar cars are mostly worthless scrap, new ones can be had on immediate delivery; a forest of TV aerials has altered the skyline of every working-class neighborhood; refrigerators, washing machines and hi-fi sets are a commonplace. Switzerland, Spain and the Riviera coastline, once the haunts of the wealthy middle and upper classes, are packed with artisans and their wives on packaged coach tours costing sometimes as little as \$150. In a word, the domestic economy is characterized by consumption, and life for many is comfortable beyond the dreams of a generation ago.

Economic policy and technological progress have not been wholly responsible for this change. Social legislation, broadly termed the "Welfare State," has played a major part. The Education Act of 1944 brought about far-reaching changes in the structure of secondary education, and the university student population of Britain, in stark contrast to the prewar years, is dominated by first-generation college men. National Insurance and National Assistance Acts in the late '40s provided the first comprehensive guarantee against unemployment and destitution, and the Health Service provides free medical care and drugs at nominal costs to all who need them. These social services are not, of course, "free"; they are financed from taxation and compulsory contributions and to this extent represent a dramatic redistribution of income within British society.

But not everyone likes things the way they are. Critics on the political Right complain bitterly of "penal taxation," the "sapping of personal initiative" and the arrogance of industrial strikers who "need a dose of unemployment to get them to work"—to say nothing of the impossibility of getting domestic servants. On the Left, it is pointed out that the unemployed, widows and old people (who are living longer) are far from well off at a time when the gap between welfare and average earnings is actually greater than in the years before World War II. It is argued

that the rich have got richer, that expense accounts, housing, cars and dining offset taxation; that economic prosperity and takeover bids have brought vast hauls in capital gains (untaxed until the budget of 1962) and that national income statistics purporting to show a redistribution of wealth conceal a multitude of trusts and covenants designed to cushion or even thwart the effects of taxation.

Quite apart from those who feel that social changes have either been too radical—or not radical enough—there are the critics of the affluent society who see it as an embodiment of all the values of crass materialism, as an immoral, sick and delinquent society. Now it is undoubtedly true that affluence is by no means a guarantee of excellence.



The well-fed, well-heeled society is no more automatically the good society than the well-dressed man is a good man, unless one subscribes to the curious view of the early Calvinists that material success is a divine mark of identification for the Elect. The problem is whether the social pathologies manifest in the relatively prosperous societies in the West are an inevitable concomitant of affluence, like the "hangover" that follows indulgence in the pleasures of alcohol or the lung cancer that befalls the heavy cigarette smoker.

The affluent societies of Britain and America in the sixties are beset by a host of social problems—crime, juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, drug addiction and mental illness, to say nothing of the vexed issues of housing, education, industrial and (in certain instances racial) conflict. That these social issues exist is undeniable; whether they are peculiar to the affluent society is quite another question.

The nineteenth-century social reformers in Britain were faced with a range of social pathologies not altogether unfamiliar today. Poverty and its attendant evils—crime, prostitution, drink and child neglect

probably headed the list of causes for which these humanitarian citizens labored. Poverty in its urban setting came to be seen as the root of almost every social evil that affronted the middle-class conscience; and in Britain, political radicalism and social reform often, though not always, went hand in hand. With the abolition of want, the coming of universal education, the revival of religious faith and the defeat of the demon drink, a new Jerusalem was to be founded in "England's green and pleasant land."

But in Britain things have not turned out that way at all. Among the biggest social problems (in the sense of those which attract most frequent public attention) is crime. The numbers of serious crimes known to the police (so called "indictable" offenses) have risen steadily from 500,000 a year in 1947 to over 800,000 in 1961. Around a million people appeared in court last year (about one in every fifty of the population), and although some 65 per cent of these appearances were for traffic violations, even these included a fair proportion which were serious in that they involved reckless, dangerous and drunken driving — sometimes of a homicidal character. A further large chunk of the people in the dock were there for not taking out radio and TV licenses, cheating the railways and bus systems by evading their fares and similar activities. These offenses, if not as serious as larceny, burglary or armed robbery, at least indicate a disregard for the rules made for the ordering of a democratic society. One of the ironies of the situation is that only some 16 per cent of those before the courts were charged with any of the three-quarters of a million *serious* crimes known to the police. According to official statistics, the average "clear up" rate for crime is in the region of 46 per cent, and all the forensic skills of law enforcement seem to have made little impact on detection.

Enough criminals are being caught, nevertheless, for Britain's prisons to be bursting at the seams. At the moment there are more prisoners in jail in England and Wales than in all the institutions of the U.S. Federal Bureau of Prisons, though British prison administrators can at least take comfort from the fact that if the crime problem

in Britain were of the order of that in the state of California, the prison population would not be 30,000 but near 90,000.

Possibly more important than the problems posed by the overcrowding of adult penal institutions is the vexed issue of juvenile delinquency. The bulk of offenders who actually get caught are aged fourteen to twenty-one, with young adults up to twenty-five and school children between ten and thirteen achieving a good second place. Here the issue is not simply one of numbers, for if delinquency rates remained constant, the increase in the size of the youth population would still produce more work for the police, the courts and probation officers and put pressure on space in juvenile institutions. The unpalatable fact is that the "criminality" of the young, as measured by the proportion of each age group being convicted before the courts, is increasing as well. The so-called "delinquent generation," born immediately prior and during the early years of World War II, is more delinquent than the one which preceded it. The generation following, born from 1943 onward, has a slightly better, though by no means optimistic, prognosis.

The "delinquency generation" might in one sense be termed the "ungrateful generation," for it has inherited a society blighted, not by poverty, unemployment and want, but by rising living standards and (until very recently) full employment. Surveys of teen-age spending have indicated that these youngsters have more money in their pockets than their counterparts twenty years ago. They also have more leisure, and this may be a critical dimension of the problem. The vast majority of juvenile delinquents in Britain are educated in a system geared to put them at work at fifteen. The system of selection which operates at age eleven effectively denies them real opportunity to improve their chances in the market in a society in which education is the prime avenue to social mobility and economic security. The affluence which they enjoy as teen-agers is highly vulnerable to market fluctuations in the demand for unskilled and semi-skilled labor, and the development of automation, together with an increasing demand for technical

skills, may continue to erode the basis of their temporary prosperity.

The behavior of the contemporary delinquent must be seen then, not against the traditional backdrop of poverty, but against the alienation induced by current trends in the educational and economic system. He grows up in a society in which social mobility is accompanied by status anxiety. His offenses against property seem to spring not from subsistence needs, but from acquisitiveness, a value which is reinforced by all the mass media of an economic system oriented towards status-giving consumption. Sociologists like Albert Cohen, Lloyd Ohlin and Richard Cloward have explored modern delinquency in terms of adolescent attempts to solve their problems by setting up status systems of their own. If they are excluded by educational and social handicaps from achieving status in a predominantly middle-class society, they evolve criteria of their own ranging from predatory attacks upon property—which may be at best acquisitive and at worst destructive—to the negativism of internecine gang warfare and the retreatism of drug addiction.

A major topic of a UN congress on crime in 1960 was "new forms of juvenile delinquency," though from the discussion of delegates it was far from clear what was meant by "new." Traditional delinquency problems remain, but in a new and enlarged dimension. Whereas in the past juvenile crime could be interpreted as an inevitable consequence of poverty, in an affluent society it appears bizarre. What is more, many of the kids getting into trouble are not slum-dwellers at all, but from allegedly respectable suburban areas. Wattenberg and Balistreri, studying the problem of auto theft and joy riding in the United States, have actually called it a "favored-group delinquency." Gibbens, working on Borstal boys in London, found car thieves to be surprisingly often from homes in which material standards were high.

Various theories have been put forward to explain this pathology of affluence; one set sees the "aimless," destructive behavior pattern of adolescents as an attempt to prove masculinity in a reaction to the mother-dominated family. Another explanation is that these youngsters belong to a mobile class

that has merely moved from blue-collar to white-collar occupational status and has as yet not assimilated the law-abiding norms of traditional middle-class culture. The middle-class delinquent is not "alienated" like the boy who grows up in a slum, but it is clear that he is discontented about something to the point of being pushed to revolt.

So far we have little more than a list of symptoms of trouble in the affluent society: more juvenile delinquency of the traditional kind, more destructive behavior and more retreatism in the form of addiction (which, though not entirely absent in Britain, is fortunately a mere shadow of the problem in the United States). Among adults, too, there are problems, as evidenced by the numbers of people seeking psychiatric help. How much of all this is a consequence of affluence? The answer would seem to lie not in affluence itself, but in the nature of the economic system which has made it possible. Rising living standards are the result of an expanding economy which depends upon a constant stimulation of consumption. For the system to work we have to consume more, and go on consuming more. "Built-in" and "planned" obsolescence, the modern counterparts of Thorsten Veblen's "conspicuous waste," means that many of the material artifacts of our civilization are on the scrap heap scarcely before the paint has worn off them. When society ascribes status in terms of material consumption, we have a situation of constant impermanence; and the social order, far from providing the individual with stability and security, provides a constant source of anxiety and confusion.

But the affluent society is also an achievement-oriented society, an ideological legacy from the days of laissez faire. To achieve in a situation in which the competition is unequal is difficult enough; to achieve where the goals are being continually shifted is to induce the kind of frustration that psychologists produce among the rats in their laboratories. One of the key men in the affluent society is the salesman. Though not the author or the villain, he is one of the agents of an ideology of discontent. It may well be that the pathology of the affluent society is the pathology of discontent.

The Passion of 'Scrutiny'

SCRUTINY: A Quarterly Review, 1932-1953. Edited by F. R. Leavis and others. Reissued in 20 volumes. Cambridge University Press. New York. 7,763 pp. Set, \$125; single volumes, \$6.50.

J. G. Weightman

No one interested in English literature needs to be told that *Scrutiny* was the quarterly review which appeared in Cambridge, England, from 1932 to 1953, and whose guiding spirit was Dr. F. R. Leavis. Not everyone, however, has read it; I confess that during the later years of its career, when I might have been studying it consistently, I was too absorbed in French literature to give it more than an occasional glance. But an unprecedented thing has happened. It has been reissued as a single work in twenty volumes by the Cambridge University Press, as if it were a classic that ought to be available to all, and Dr. Leavis has added a "Retrospect" summing up its significance. We have here, then, a critical undertaking resuscitated ten years after its demise as a positive, creative force which has now taken its place in history.

After browsing through the volumes over a period of weeks, I agree that the claim is in many respects justified. There is very little in these pages that is silly or topical, and their astringency has no doubt contributed in no small degree to that sharpness of expression which has at last become a feature of English writing. The small, passionate band of seekers after critical truth who formed around Dr. Leavis and his wife, Q. D. Leavis (the author of one of the first major sociological studies of literature, *Fiction and the Reading Public*), and who kept their nonprofit-making, non-paying review alive for so long, can feel the pride of the founders of a minority religion which has influenced a whole culture.

It is remarkable how many authoritative voices were first raised in *Scrutiny* — and how alike they sound. The undertaking was clearly inspired

by a metaphysical passion; yet it would be wrong to say that the principal figures wanted to turn the study of literature into a religion or a political doctrine, because, in the earlier years at least, they were not so much concerned to propound a body of belief as to disinfect an unhealthy situation by the vigorous application of skepticism. But certain religious or political parallels suggest themselves. There was a Critical Testament — the essays of T. S. Eliot — to be explained and developed, although their author was, from the start, something of a Lost Leader. Leavis says as much in Volume I: had Eliot's *Criterion* been satisfactory, it would not have been necessary to found *Scrutiny*. There was a Prophet, already dead, who had produced major literature about the modern situation; this was D. H. Lawrence. Eliot did not approve of Lawrence, but a proper understanding could reconcile what was best in both. Also, within the *Scrutiny* circle, no punches were barred; the contributors could review one another as fiercely as puritanical Communists pointing out their comrades' doctrinal weaknesses.

Leavis was fighting against two main tendencies. The first of these was the gentlemanly, dilettante, *belles-lettres* approach to literature, represented in the earlier years of the century by such figures as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Such people Leavis considered to be decadent, middle-brow and frivolous, confusing the practice of literature with upper-middle-class convention; his quarrel with the "Bloomsbury Group," the Auden-Spender-Day Lewis generation, the Sunday newspapers and the *Times Literary Supplement*, was based on the conviction that they were all tarred with the same brush. Leavis' second target was the pseudo-scientific, academic approach, which is doggedly serious about the wrong things because it lacks both the intelligence and the courage to read literature as literature. The chief villain here was Bradley, who discussed Shakespeare's characters as if they had actually existed and prompted the classic rejoinder by a *Scrutiny* man, L. C. Knight's, "How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?" The aim

was to replace these two vicious trends by criticism proper, i.e., the careful appraisal of works of literature, not as cultural decoration or entertainment, nor again as subjects for pointless analysis, but as organic expressions of the social and individual reality from which they sprang.

The majority of the articles live up to this high standard. No other review that I have read — and certainly no French review, in spite of the reputation of the French as critics — contains so much sensitive, intelligent yet common-sensical writing about literature. Particularly impressive are the long revaluations of certain classics from Chaucer to Henry James. Two or three different critics try their hands at Jane Austen and are all brilliantly successful, perhaps because her sensitive yet common-sensical genius had a special appeal for the *Scrutiny* group. The occasional excursions into foreign literatures seem to be equally valid; French writers are treated only spasmodically, but very intelligent things are said, for instance, about Baudelaire, Sartre and Camus. In view of all this, one is tempted to conclude that everything is fine; *Scrutiny* was a splendid institution and the only cause for regret is that it is no longer in existence to continue its work.

There is, unfortunately, a major reservation to be made, but whether the reason for it lies entirely in *Scrutiny* itself is perhaps a matter for debate. Dr. Leavis' "Retrospect," an essay several thousand words long surveying those twenty years of critical effort conducted from one private house in Cambridge, should have been a satisfactory piece of literature, indeed a work of high civilization, since a point reiterated all through the volumes is that the purpose of a sound, critical atmosphere is to foster good literature. Alas, if we apply *Scrutiny's* own standards to it, we must pronounce it a graceless, self-contradictory, even self-indulgent diatribe. It shows that Dr. Leavis' famous attack on Sir Charles Snow, which for some unfathomable reason he chose to publish in the *Spectator*, one of the despised, middle-brow weekly papers, was no temporary lapse outside *Scrutiny*, but part and parcel of the *Scrutiny* ethos. The trouble with that piece of writing was that,

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in dealing with a contemporary, Dr. Leavis did not analyze Snow critically but simply denounced him with passion, as if anathema from the purest part of Cambridge did not need to be supported by argument. (This quite shocking performance can be profitably compared with Richard Mayne's excellent critical appraisal of Snow's work in a recent number of *Encounter*.) The main weakness of the "Retrospect" is that it is a vulgar boast, worthy of the kind of literary politician Dr. Leavis claims to be fighting against. He does not appear to see how distressingly Oxford-and-Cambridge he is in claiming that his unofficial Cambridge is the true one and that *Scrutiny* could not have occurred elsewhere. He argues once again that the London "literary establishment" (an extraordinary myth for which I have never seen any justification in all my years in London) and the reactionary forces in the universities are against him, yet in the same breath he points out how many of his contributors now occupy eminent official positions. And, what is most sad, he congratulates himself on the achievement of *Scrutiny* without lamenting the fact that during the twenty years of its existence it found practically no contemporary English literature worth serious consideration. This makes me feel that Dr. Leavis, in the last resort, is less interested in the creation of literature than in being a critic.

I am not saying that many masterpieces appeared between 1932 and 1953 and failed to find adequate men-

tion in *Scrutiny*. Very probably, there were few or none. But I am suggesting that something in the *Scrutiny* tone was actually hostile to the production or encouragement of literature. This something is not always present, and is less noticeable in the earlier volumes than in the later. It is a sort of schoolmasterish impatience with nonsense, a contemptuous dismissal of most contemporary works, as if their badness were a foregone conclusion, evident to the pure in Cambridge although camouflaged by the corrupt hedonists supposedly wining and dining in London. Now, one may be all for critical astringency and yet feel that literature cannot exist without a margin of nonsense, pure fun, irresponsibility and even sheer badness. The critic's business is to analyze the badness clinically (Q. D. Leavis, incidentally, does it very well in examining the thrillers of Dorothy Sayers) and, if necessary, at length, and to pick out any good bits that can be salvaged. No reader of *Scrutiny* can be unaware of the fact that the production of literature is a very complex affair, but the *Scrutiny* critics as a whole, particularly in their dealings with contemporaries, seem to forget that good authors have often fed off bad ones, and that a bad book may not be, in every instance, a moral crime, nor humorless indignation a suitable substitute for explanation. One closes the volumes with the sad feeling that that remarkable private house in Cambridge must have contained most of the virtues except humor, modesty and charity.

The burden of Christopher Hibbert's book is summed up by the epigraph he chose for it, a dictum from the nineteenth-century legal reformer Sir Samuel Romilly: "I call upon you to remember that cruel punishments have an inevitable tendency to produce cruelty in the people." Mr. Hibbert (the author of *Il Duce* and *The Destruction of Lord Raglan*), who modestly calls himself "no more than an amateur historian with an interest in contemporary crime and punishment," has put some hard thinking and a prodigious amount of reading into a book that is informed, though never distorted, by his own humane and balanced views. He records a large range of criminological facts, events and ideas with clarity and forcefulness. As well as the sections on Prisons, Police, Capital Punishment, Law Reform, Causes and Cures, and Present Problems, there are sections dealing at length with such subjects as Gangs and Syndicates, Cops and G-Men, Criminal Psychology, the Young Offender, the Sexual Offender, Crime Detection. The whole is a well-written compendium; and it is much more than that—an incentive to our consciences, an incentive to seek solutions to problems that, morally as well as practically, concern us all.

For one of the major obstacles to penal reform (which costs a great deal of money) is that the public is not seriously concerned. How much better are we in fact than the ferocious British and the puritanical Americans of the eighteenth century? How far have we advanced from the self-righteous rigidities of the nineteenth? The death penalty has been abolished in Scandinavia, in Holland, Switzerland, West Germany, Austria and Italy with no accompanying rise and some accompanying fall in the murder rates. It is still retained in forty-three of the United States, in Britain (for a reduced number of capital offenses) and in France. None of the methods of execution, the electric chair, hanging, the guillotine, is instantaneous or entirely painless, although great efforts have been made in that direction. Most English prisons are still squalid and degrading; some American reformatories still inflict mind-crushing disciplines and brutal punishments.

Yet we also have open prisons, experimental prisons, probation, parole and, particularly in the United States, research ("the most important attempts to discover the various causes

Generations on the Gallows

THE ROOTS OF EVIL: A Social History of Crime and Punishment. By Christopher Hibbert. Little, Brown & Co. 524 pp. \$6.95.

Sybilie Bedford

The Roots of Evil is a history of punishment, an admirably able and coherent account of the treatment of crime and criminals in Great Britain and America from the Middle Ages to 1963; a history, inevitably, of man's barbarity to man, of appalling cruelty and unenlightened self-interest gradually mitigated by generously inspired but often floundering and always

Sybilie Bedford is the author, among other books, of *The Faces of Justice*, *The Trial of Dr. Adams* and *The Legacy* (all Simon & Schuster).

grudgingly opposed reform. Torture to decide guilt; mutilation; branding; flogging; confinement in filth and squalor, hunger, chains and irons; nightmare voyages of deportation; body-breaking labor; the treadmill, the crank, the stocks, the cat, the gallows (in the New England colonies twelve offenses were punishable by death; in England in 1810 there were 223). Senseless petty theft, brutal robberies and callous murders were followed by public quartering, disemboweling, hanging; and these in turn were followed—of course, some of us, and still only some of us, would say today—by more senseless thefts, brutal robberies and callous murders, to be paid for in yet more torture, confinement, deaths.

of crime have been continually made in the United States since the First World War"). Mr. Hibbert holds that, considering the appalling injustices of the past, it is impossible not to feel grateful. And the Webbs's maxim that the most practical and most hopeful of prison reforms is to keep people out of prison, is gaining recognition, even officially. At the same time all of the things which have been seen as the causes of crime for centuries are still with us,

... The restlessness and vigour, impatience and frustration of youth, alcohol and drugs, thwarted sexual desires, insanity, biological and psychological anomalies, poverty and squalor, the decline of religion and moral standards, broken homes, illegitimacy and the birth rate ... racial factors ... wars, revolutions, undue severity or careless insufficiency of punishments, inadequate penal institutions and methods of reform. ...

Here are some of Mr. Hibbert's side lights on specific questions. On the delinquency of the young:

It is hard to say why public opinion is shocked by the fact that a large proportion of crimes are committed by the young. It is an indication that people find it easier to accept the demands of society as they grow older.

On the anarchic character of some American crime:

... the cause is to be found in all the conflicts that have characterized her history, such as those resulting from immigration and from the strong tradition of individualism inherited from the early pioneers, which reflects the dynamic quality of American civilization.

On frequency of crime determined by occupation:

Female servants, lawyers, bankers, brokers and doctors were disproportionately criminal in the United States as well as in Europe. The crimes of ministers of religion were nearly always sexual. However, in France the greatest tendency to sexual crime was found among shoemakers, a fact which could apparently be referred not only to their alcoholism but "to the effect upon the genital organs of their position when at work."

On the murder rate among foreign-born American citizens: from 5.8 murders per 100,000 born in Denmark, to 17.5 born in Ireland and 58.1 in Italy. All nationalities, with the exception of the French and Italian, are apparently twice as liable to be murderous in the United States as in their native countries. And on crime: is it truly increasing at a rate which may threaten the future of society?

... in 1961 there were 132 murders in England ... but it is impossible to believe, on the basis of what few figures have come down to us, that in 1461 there were not, proportionally, fifty times as many.

Crime may well have failed to keep pace with the increase of population. But Mr. Hibbert considers it as dangerous:

... to feel satisfied as to be unjustifiably alarmed. There are now well over 2½ million serious crimes known to the police every year in America, including between ten and twelve thousand murders, and in 1962 there were more than ever before. ...

Mr. Hibbert's final advice to us is to learn the lesson of history, that to punish criminals without attempting to understand them or to change the soil which continues to produce them is as dangerous as it is short-sighted.

The Quest for Gide

GIDE. By Germaine Brée. Rutgers University Press. 302 pp. \$6.

THE YOUTH OF ANDRE GIDE. By Jean Delay. Translated and abridged by June Guicharnaud. University of Chicago Press. 498 pp. \$7.95.

Henri Peyre

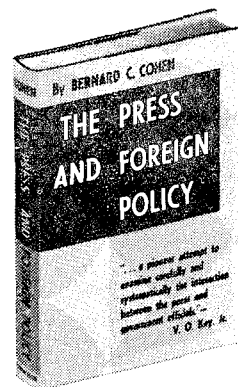
It is no mean tribute to the brilliant critical work on European literatures now being accomplished in America to claim, with ample justification, that the two most perspicacious and least anecdotic volumes on Gide available anywhere are those of Jean Delay

and of Germaine Brée, who both teach in the United States. Both eschew the tale of Gide's childhood, liberation, sexual, political and literary vacillations, already told far too often; they concentrate on the works themselves. Protean, Gide lavished contradictory statements on the spirit in which his works should be interpreted, now asserting that their primary merit lay in

Henri Peyre, chairman of the French Department, Yale University, is the author of *The Contemporary French Novel* (Oxford) and *Literature and Sincerity* (Yale University Press).

December 7, 1963

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Definition

The scream Running The distance Running
The trees dark bent upon their branches
Full under the wind

And finally The place was safe And finally
When the wind stopped and the place was safe
And finally The distance gapped And finally

Loneliness is a symptom they said And meant it
The wind sketched upon their hands Their voices
faint Their faces chill under the cold March rain

There is a place of too much safety There is a place
of too much death Close as the flesh of your own arm
Its elbow shrinking taut against the waist

Your hands as they grope Your hands as they move the
air As they move smooth across its surface Like
chords As they slant past the sharp spring air

"Process" The lack of it Or the fullness
Existence itself no more than a symptom
The burnt smell circling under the wind

Susan Sherman

Parting

White morning flows into the mirror.
Her eye, still old with sleep,
meets itself like a sister.

How they slept last night,
the dream that caged them back to back,
was nothing new.

Last words, tears, most often
come wrapped as the everyday
familiar failure.

Now, pulling the comb slowly
through her loosened hair,
she tries to find the parting;

it must come out after all:
hidden in all that tangle
there is a way.

Adrienne Rich

Poem

(from the Maximus Poems)

after the storm was over
out from his cave at Mt. Casius
came the blue monster

covered with scales
and sores about his mouth
flashing not too surely

his tail but with his eyes
showing some glare
rowing out gently

into the stream, to go
for Malta, to pass by
Rhodes and Crete

to arrive at Ireland
anyway to get into the Atlantic
to make up a boil

in northeastern waters
to land in a
grapevine corner

to shake off his cave-life
and open an opening
big enough for himself.

Charles Olson

On the Front Porch

"Did you know
your eyes can live
after you're dead?"

"No mam.

That's
your soul, I thought."

"Ha ha. Well,
it says here your eyes
can be removed

immediately after death
and transplanted
into another person."

"Wouldn't that be
horrible!

My
conscience! — to
see through a
dead man's eyes!"

Wendell Berry

Anonymous

Ants scurry away from the cloudburst of fiery piss.
What does he know of their poems & rites & deaths?
His head opens: his teeth crash through the walls
of apple city.

Anselm Hollo

their quest for a sincerity which fused the man and the author into one, now that their fabric was essentially ethical, at other moments that the aesthetic point of view was the one from which he should be judged. The three approaches, psychological, moral and literary, cannot in fact be separated from one another. But if Gide is destined to survive, long after his desire to disturb has been overfulfilled and his once dreaded venom has turned innocuous and faintly wearisome, his ultimate place will be that of a polished artist. With a limited experience of life, a poor creative imagination, an obsession with his own egocentric anxieties, he managed to make the most of his gifts and to wield a powerful influence over the years 1910-1940. In that time he displaced, not only Maurice Barrès, of whom he always was jealous and whose reputation he belittled to the point that only now may Barrès receive his due from English-speaking readers, but also Anatole France. Was that a Pyrrhic victory? Did not Gide absorb much of Anatole France, so much that his posthumous fame may suffer a fate similar to that of the most savagely mangled idol in French literary history? The question is not asked in either of the two objective studies just published. But it would be cowardly to evade it.

Germaine Brée's volume is the recasting of an earlier work in French, enriched and deepened by twelve years' meditation on the subject. It is a model of academic criticism at its very best and at its most liberal. The search for subtlety through the forests of psychoanalysis and the glades of symbolic interpretation, which mars many a recent critical work in France, is tastefully avoided. The best subtlety, abundantly to be found here, is that which is not aware of itself and makes no attempt to impress the reader. Out of sixteen harmoniously organized chapters, only two or three deal with Gide's life. The others go straight to the heart of the works themselves. Their directness, their brushing aside of all unessentials, their blending of a discussion of ideas latent in the works with a perceptive analysis of their structure and their style set most of those chapters above anything else written on Gide. The method of approach perhaps errs in granting too much importance to Gide's early treatises (*Narcissus*, the *Amorous Attempt* and especially the pretentious and stilted *Urien's Voyage* and *El*

Hadj); it dwells complacently on near-failures like *Isabella*. It forces the author to pay more attention than their merits warrant to the execrable last *réécits* of Gide and to some of his very undramatic dramas. On the other hand, the position which Gide would have liked to occupy in European literature as a Goethean spirit, absorbing influences from Nietzsche, Dostoevski, Blake and Whitman is not sufficiently defined. Miss Brée exaggerates Gide's "Frenchness" when she states that "he was impervious to anything foreign." She attempts to trace the origin of the all too famous "gratuitous act" in Gide to Bergson's early work and underrates the revolution wrought in Gide's middle years by the discovery of Dostoevski's *The Idiot* and *The Possessed*.

But such divergencies on the relative emphasis to be given to Gide's books are minor matters of individual temperament. This writer would be inclined to stress, far more than is done here, Gide's long debate with religious obsessions, his struggles with the thought (often distorted) of St. Paul, then his loss of spirituality, of fervor and of focus after he had attained placid unbelief. But Miss Brée undoubtedly has good grounds for slighting Gide's thought as separated from his art. His letters to Valéry, Claudel and others, and the indefatigable and often inconsequential jottings in his overpraised *Journals*, show how brittle were the abstract reflections of an author who was primarily a moralist and an artist. By far the best chapters in the book are those which come to grips with *The Immoralist*, *Strait is the Gate*, the admirable but overcondensed *Pastoral Symphony* and the provoking and exasperating failure of *The Counterfeiters*. Miss Brée also hails in Gide a humorist of the first order, in *Marshlands*, *Prometheus Unbound* and *Theseus*, though not, regrettably, in his pallid theatre. Proust, Gide, Sartre and in his drier, more pungent and trenchant way, Valéry, have been greater comic talents than they were original thinkers.

Jean Delay is a medical authority, a psychiatrist of international reputation, a sensitive author of imaginative works in his own right; he revealed in a bulky and thorough two-volume work on *The Youth of André Gide* an acute sensitivity and a rare gift for literary research. The two volumes have been expertly abridged and condensed and translated into English by June Guicharnaud. They read ad-

mirably well in this new rendering. Dr. Delay's exhaustive study, which opened for him the august portal of the French Academy, is probably the first one which, devoted to the psychoanalytical interpretation of a French author, is not guilty of gross dogmatism and does not make a caricature of science as applied to the most unpredictable and the freest of human activities: literary creation.

Dr. Delay knew Gide personally and well in the latter's old age; he had access to unpublished letters and other documents; he knew many a friend of Gide and scanned unweariedly every page written by the author at all stages of his sixty-year-long literary career. He does not attempt to prove any psychiatric theory. He rightly distrusts many of Gide's assertions, which have become clichés too uncritically accepted by several of Gide's biographers: his being torn between Normandy and Languedoc, between Protestant and Catholic heredities, between provincial, even bourgeois, security and a passion for exotic roaming. It is not even certain, as Dr. Delay shrewdly hints, that the key to Gide's problems and to his originality lies in his homosexuality. Many readers, not guilty of prudishness, have regretted the intrusion of the theme in *The Immoralist* and yawned over Edouard's elephantine coquetry toward the ephēbi of *The Counterfeiters*. The Greeks and the Elizabethans could touch on the theme of "pedophilia" with more grace.

Dr. Delay's design led him to an extremely detailed study of the early and, in truth, horribly mannered and dated *Poésies* and *Cahiers d'André Walter*, Gide's first timid incursion into literature. Symbolism cramped and waylaid Gide's early talent as it did that of many of his contemporaries. In the subsequent narrative of his youth, Gide ascribed his liberation to his North African expedition and his discovery of what set him apart from other men, and even more from women. That romantic view of his career may well be exaggerated. His liberation owed more to Nietzsche than to Wilde or to a lived experience; the volumes which first emerged out of it, from *Fruits of the Earth* to *The Immoralist*, are permeated, if not surfeited, with literature.

The most acute chapters are those which Dr. Delay devotes to the relationship between André Gide and his overpowering mother through many hitherto unpublished letters. Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Proust

and a dozen other great Frenchmen likewise suffered from either too loving a mother or from one who hated her son. "It's not everyone who can have the luck to be an orphan," as Jules Renard's Poil de Carotte wryly remarks. The French, with all their advantages over the Protestant Anglo-Saxons, as de Gaulle calls them—their freer resort to wine with their meals, their mistresses and their priests—do not, after all, invariably make a success of sexual adaptation. French sanity, like French logic, can conceal a great deal of repressed folly.

Along with Mme. Gide *mère*, Gide's wife is the mournful heroine of this psychiatric analysis. She apparently read more than we thought into the strange attitude of her fiancé, first refused, then accepted as an adoring but "unfunctional" husband. She agreed to replace her husband's mother and play the part of a protecting witness to Gide's quest for himself through unorthodox loves. It seems clear, to this reader at any rate, that there lurked a good deal of sadism in Gide's selfish obstinacy in inflicting pain upon his overrespected Madeleine. On the other hand, and while the author of *The Immoralist* himself never confessed it (he always contended

that the truest value of a book lies in what it does not say, what it hides), she must from the start have guessed André's true nature and consented to the blank marriage which he forced upon her. Even in provincial France in the last years of the nineteenth century, women were not that ignorant, naive or self-restrained. Alissa, in *Strait Is the Gate*, is Gide's best feminine character, perhaps the sole one who is alive: she clearly owes her tragic truth to the model (Mme. Gide) whom she dramatizes. It is to be regretted that Gide did not again attempt to weave cruel fiction out of the constant secret drama of his private life and reserved his confessions for a posthumous little book, *Madeleine*, in which he failed grossly to do his wife justice. Not many men can have led such deceitful lives as the high priest of sincerity. A volume as tactful and searching as Dr. Delay's corrects and completes the self-portrait which the writer elaborately prepared for posterity. Will the writer Gide long survive the inevitable passing away of most of his fictional attempts into semi-insignificance? Proust, Claudel, Malraux and Mauriac may well loom greater and greater, while Gide's "inquietude" ceases to disturb us.

The good doctor has also developed a statistical technique for rating the prestige of members of the "American Sociometric Peerage." It takes into account such factors as the differential rank of an individual's primary field of operation, his own rating within it, his eminence in fields other than his primary one, with plus or minus adjustments dependent on whether his star is rising or falling. McClandress has also developed a program for fully automating foreign-policy statements on every possible event of international significance. These statements almost always contain sincere dedication to contradictory principles, a dedication which is the relentlessly logical result of applying the McClandress Solution (involving such smaller ideas as "the principle of overlapping moderation" and the position of "permissible originality"). It is a way of coping with internally contradictory policy either by identifying it with Responsibility or Moderation, or by systematically diverting attention from the contradiction by means of "the third-dimension departure," which directs discussion into "some new and responsible channel." The third-dimension departure is the technique most frequently utilized by the really Responsible man, since "he gets credit for thoughtfulness and even originality and no one thinks him reckless or dangerous."

Name Pricking

THE McCCLANDRESS DIMENSION.

By Mark Epernay. Houghton Mifflin Co. 126 pp. \$3.75.

Bennett M. Berger

As everybody seems to know, this little book of satire is written by John Kenneth Galbraith, economist, diplomat, wit and man of many affairs. The book is a spoof, but of what and exactly why is not terribly clear. By inventing Dr. McClandress, an "eminent Boston psychometrician," all full of scientific schemes and techniques with immediate applications in business, politics and public affairs, Galbraith is apparently out to kill two foolish birds with one satirical stone: pretentious social scientists and fatuous public figures, neither of whom he suffers gladly.

Dr. McClandress is extraordinarily fertile with empirical techniques. His "dimension" is that aspect of human behavior which reveals an individual's

identification with his own personality, and the McClandress Coefficient is the score which represents the intensity of that identification. A specific numerical score is the average length of time an individual's thoughts remain centered on something other than his own personality, and Galbraith does not draw back from naming names. Thus, Richard Nixon's rating of three seconds is one of the lowest on record, but Nelson Rockefeller's is not much higher at forty-five. Martin Luther King and Robert Oppenheimer have very high scores (between three and four hours); Billy Graham and Edward Teller have low scores. Political leaders, like theatre people, tend to have low scores; a notable exception is Charles de Gaulle, whose extraordinarily high coefficient is misleading since it is a result of his almost exclusive preoccupation with "France"—a surrogate of his own personality. And so on. Political figures, stage celebrities, scientists, educators, journalists, businessmen, publishers stand revealed in the degree of their self-centeredness.

Although the book is authentically funny in spots, especially in the chapters on The McClandress Solution and The Fully Automated Foreign Policy, it is also a little confusing and chi-chi in others. The ratings on the McClandress Dimension, for example, make little sense on any political or moral scale, and many of the scores apparently require for properly acid enjoyment some personal knowledge of the rated individual. The esoteric character of several of the evaluations is likely to blur the meaning of the satire to readers who happen never to have met or talked with, for example, Dean Acheson, Kenneth Tynan or H. R. Trevor-Roper. But more important than this is the tendency of the book to become farce, rather than satire, because—beyond the utter disdain that a man of intellect and sensibility must feel toward the absurdity of public figures and public rhetoric—it is difficult to define the moral ground on which Galbraith stands. His satire cuts gently much of the time, and when it cuts to the bone, it is with the savagery of a man whose

cognitive sense is violated, not his moral sense. Galbraith, in short, is in Parkinson, not Swiftian, territory. The reluctant conclusion one comes to on the basis of Galbraith's joke book was stated just last month in a column by James Reston (McClandress Coefficient: ten minutes), who said that, in

spite of the sunny, optimistic face it shows in public, the government privately feels that most of the problems it is wrestling with are insoluble. Insoluble problems mean either resignation and despair or revolution. Which of those alternatives Galbraith has in mind is not made clear.

England's National Theatre

Clive Barnes

London

What is a national theatre? Certainly it is not simply a building. To say it is a company of actors is closer to the truth; but more accurately, it is a predominantly national repertory acted in a specifically national style. It is, for good or ill, the Comédie Française, the Berliner Ensemble and the Moscow Arts Theatre. These theatres have their good and bad periods, but their continuity allows variations in quality to exist within the fixed demarcations of an accepted pattern.

In Britain we have been desultorily trying to form a national theatre since 1848. Several weeks ago we succeeded. The actual building is not erected yet; in sober truth, it is not even designed. But we got tired of waiting for bricks and mortar and, after having laid a foundation in 1951, we have plunged *in medias res* and started the company at the Old Vic Theatre.

Directed by Sir Laurence Olivier, the first season opened on October 22 with a production of *Hamlet*, starring Peter O'Toole. As befits a national theatre, the piece is played virtually uncut from the First Quarto version, with a few readings taken from the Folio and some rearrangement of scenes adapted from the Second Quarto. It played for slightly less than five hours, and the audience, unused to such fidelity, started to shuffle in their seats like people at a religious ritual. This was unjustified, as were a few of the more carping notices in the daily press the following morning. The production was not a shattering experience, but this could hardly be expected. It will take years of effort to build the National Theatre to a position where it is worthy of its name. But a decent start had been made.

Clive Barnes is dance critic of *The Spectator*, writer on dance for *The Times* (London) and executive editor of *Dance and Dancing*. He also reviews plays and music regularly for *the Daily Express*.

O'Toole is not one of your fashionable Hamlets, all poetry and intellect. He presents an angry boy of action, roaring with frustration at his tragic inability to act. The contrast with Laertes — the archetypal Elizabethan revenge-hero who would kill in church, if need be — was admirably pointed. O'Toole, passionate and cuttlingly ironic, gives us a fine, virile Hamlet reminiscent of an older school before Gielgud shadowed the role with the pale cast of thought and fancy.

Surprises were hardly the stock in trade of Olivier's production. His appointment as artistic director of the National Theatre was perhaps unimaginative, although at the outset the venture possibly needs someone of his prestige. His warmest admirer, however, could claim hardly more than competence for him as a director, and in *Hamlet* he seemed content just to keep things moving and clearly spoken. His two innovations — he made the players in the play scene wear "young Hamlet" and "Claudius" masks, and Gertrude, panting with melodrama, was allowed to overhear Claudius and Laertes plotting to poi-

son Hamlet — were ill-considered, making mincemeat of the text.

No expense had been stinted. Although *Hamlet* is intended in this inaugural season to play for only twenty-seven performances, the production has been conceived with a sense of permanence usually associated with the great opera managements. Here, one felt, was the beginning of a repertory, a production intended to last not just one season, but many. This is one of the crucial differences between the National Theatre and any other theatrical institution we have known.

We have created many semi-national projects in the dramatic theatre, but no fully institutionalized organization comparable to our lyric theatre. The Old Vic (now disbanded), the Royal Shakespeare, the Bristol Old Vic, some of our more enterprising provincial repertory companies, even certain nonprofit-making, non-repertory organizations, such as the Royal Court or Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop, with no fixed company but a steady policy, all fall into an ambitious pattern. But essentially they must operate on *commercial* lines. Each year they have to provide a complete set of new productions, and usually the company changes from season to season, although the Royal Shakespeare Company, anticipating rivalry with the National Theatre, has placed some key actors on long contracts.

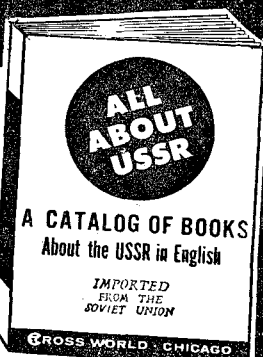
More significant is the niggardly nature of their subvention. Last season, for example, the Royal Court received a subsidy of only \$60,000, the Theatre Workshop got \$9,000, the Old

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CROSS WORLD BOOKS - 333 South Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

Vic (with two companies, one in London, one on tour) had only \$250,000, while the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, again with two companies, one in Stratford and one in London, received not a cent from the government, apart from \$30,000 earmarked specifically for touring.

The National Theatre is getting \$364,000 a year for its initial four years. After that, when it moves to its own theatre, this will be substantially increased. Peter Hall's Royal Shakespeare Company, which is still threatening to disband from lack of funds, has also been given a small national grant, amounting to \$120,000 per annum. This disparity has caused some ill feeling, particularly as many think that Peter Hall should have been invited to make his company into the National Theatre.

The two theatres, the National and its rival, the Royal Shakespeare, will function both as museums for our classical repertory and provide standards for our actors. Their fringe activities will be to provide a stage for experimental drama and a school for young actors. The presence of two companies is essential, as we have already discovered in the fields of opera and ballet. One state company can get stale and complacent if it is not continually harried by another. Thus,

the Covent Garden Opera competes with the Sadler's Wells Opera, and the Royal Ballet vies with the Ballet Rambert.

The National is not restricted to British plays, and certainly not to Shakespeare or classical drama. The only Shakespeare planned for the first season, apart from *Hamlet*, is *Othello*. Other productions include *Saint Joan* and *Uncle Vanya* (both revivals from the National Theatre's pilot venture at the Chichester Festival), Farquhar's eighteenth-century comedy *The Recruiting Officer*, an old regional comedy by Harold Brighouse, *Hobson's Choice*, Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, Beckett's *Play* and Max Frisch's *Andorra*. Among the plays to be added in the second season will be Brecht's *Mother Courage*, Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* and Granville-Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance*.

Who needs a national theatre, anyway? (Why does no one ever ask who needs public parks, public libraries or public art galleries?) At last, after literally centuries of struggle, Britain is now persuaded that the public needs a theatre as much as it does a zoo. After all, Britain is only doing what every other civilized nation in the world does — or to be accurate, every other civilized nation except one.

who must contend in their variously underdeveloped countries with the ever-present crushing poverty that engulfs the vast majority of their fellow citizens. The South American artist is a political person, not because he is fundamentally any more interested in the day-to-day manipulation of power than is his North American counterpart, but out of his natural humanity and personal reaction to the social ugliness and human misery that surround him. Salvation lies in change, in reform, in redistribution of land and wealth, even in revolt if all else fails. Thus, South American artists are engaged and committed at an entirely different level of political activity than are ours. The South American painter, for example, prepares election campaign posters, not because he wishes to convert his easel to this purpose, but because he must in order to face himself as a man. The South American poet becomes a sometime political pamphleteer for the same compelling reason, with the result that several of the delegates to the symposium were all too familiar with the interior of their countries' jails.

South American artists are well aware that reform and progress in each of their countries is largely the responsibility of the people of these countries. However, they see so clearly their own monstrous economic and social problems that it is hard for them to understand the average United States citizen's indifference to their plight. Their general attitude toward the United States (which at the symposium was never expressed this precisely) is roughly: "Help us for God's sake. But help us without hope of reward, without strings, without military intervention, without behind-the-scenes manipulation—or help us not at all. The tasks of reform, and we need be revolt, are ours and we know it. If your good will urges you to help us accomplish our purposes, so much the better. But we do not want you help to accomplish your purposes, your great corporations' purposes, or your politically astigmatic purposes. If this is all you will or can offer, keep your aid."

As to the internal problems of the United States, the South American were both interested and concerned. When James Baldwin delivered his now well-rehearsed account of the black man's struggle to save the white man's soul, they were respectful as they were moved. Indeed, while on

LETTER from SAN JUAN George G. Kirstein

Is international understanding improved by bringing together artists from different countries in the hope that, by reason of their common gift of creativity, they will surmount the differences of nationality, language and culture to gain awareness of and sympathy toward one another's problems? The answer is: "Perhaps—a little," according to my observation of The Second Inter-American Committee Symposium held recently in Puerto Rico. The question that I have posed was not before the conference, but it interested me more than the formal agenda. The discussions centered upon the role of the artist as a political citizen and as a social critic in the United States and in the various Latin American countries. What emerged from the several round-table discussions was more a delineation of the differences between the roles of the artist in the two hemispheres than any common definition of his functioning.

The United States delegation included writers Lillian Hellman, William Styron and James Baldwin, and painter, Peter Blume. This group was supplemented by a number of journalists, scholars specializing in Latin America, industrialists and government employees, bringing the North American delegation to approximately twenty people. A delegation of similar size from the Latin American countries included the poet, Rafael Squirru of Argentina, and the painters, Jose Cuevas of Mexico, Fernando de Szyszlo of Peru and Miguel Arroyo of Venezuela. As in the case of the United States contingent, this nucleus was augmented by journalists, philosophers, scholars and industrialists who are patrons of the arts.

The very first interchange disclosed the fundamentally different problems that separate the North American artist, working in our affluent society, from his Latin American counterparts,

may have one's own judgment of Mr. Baldwin's abilities as a novelist, it is impossible not to respect him as an effective polemicist. Furthermore, his abilities as a performer, narrating the conflicts confronting American citizens of both races, are unsurpassed. Because Mr. Baldwin was more nearly akin to the South American artists in the sense that he is engaged as they are in political activity—not because he wishes to be, but because as a man he has to be—the Latin Americans gained a respect for North America's effort to respond to its reawakened conscience.

But the prevailing attitude of the Latin Americans was more a politely expressed frustration at the ignorance and indifference of their Northern Hemisphere counterparts than a respect for their efforts or for their accomplishments. Generally, we believe their governments, their military dictatorships and their juntas are too strong a political form to permit of necessary reform. The Latin Americans know full well that it is not the strength of these governments but their inherent weakness that dooms hope of improvement. We think that our government's economic aid as well as our large corporations' investment are generally calculated to be helpful to the economic development of these countries; the Latin Americans have quite a different view as to who is being aided by these expenditures. We believe that our military aid programs encourage the stability of democratic regimes in Latin America; the Latin Americans feel that these programs make unstable military dictatorships inevitable. They point out with bitter amusement that when we had in the White House a general who was largely indifferent to their plight, they had more civilian governments operating with some approximation of democracy than they do now when our President is a civilian who expresses deep concern toward our Latin neighbors.

To return to my opening question: Do such conferences encourage international understanding and good will? Certainly, they do no harm. But the gulfs that separate our cultures are too deep to be bridged by the mere interchange of ideas, and the problems that face us are so different as to render sympathetic understanding very nearly impossible. At one round-table discussion of the role of the artist as a social critic, an American scholar suggested that the classic role of the artist had always been to render a co-

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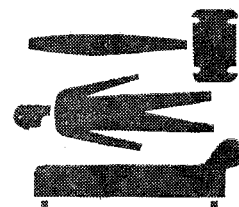
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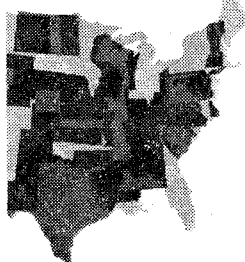
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herent interpretation of the realities of his society. A Mexican theatre director, struggling with the difficulties of speaking in unfamiliar English, responded somewhat as follows: "You talk of realities—of interpreting reality. Let me tell you, my friend, I spend most of my life trying to escape reality. For you, reality may be beautiful—an encouragement to the artist to create. In Latin America, my friend, reality is not beautiful. No, no, it is ugly—ugly."

Art

Max Kozloff

Robert Rauschenberg will continue to be dismissed by many as a belated Abstract Expressionist, one whose dribbles and splatters of paint have merely thinned and shrunk to give way to objects or reproduced images of daily life. Others consider him to be a decorative practitioner of the collage technique originated earlier in the century in the *Merzbilder* of Kurt Schwitters. Perceiving that he is neither the one nor the other, a third group—one could already have guessed—makes him out to be a compromised talent who vitiates none too original ideas by sheer facility. This, however, still leaves those spectators, among them myself, who find something far more poetic than additive in Rauschenberg's sensibility, and who are kindled by an inventive genius they would never confuse with mere slickness. I am convinced that his is the most significant art now being produced in the United States by anyone of the younger generation.

It has only recently become evident that Rauschenberg is using his famed concept of "combine painting" (in which there had been a dialogue between actual objects—coke bottles or pillows, and the easel picture) as a point of departure for a whole new field of inquiry. Or rather, it is a frame of reference for an imagery that now recedes into the fibers of the canvas, from which it once had protruded. This is accomplished by the silk-screen transfer to the canvas of photographs, originally black and white, and now filtered by as many as four colors. That the new presences do not have the immediate, yet enigmatic, impact of real things is as obvious as that their range in time, space and memory is infinitely greater.

Even while surrendering a good deal of physical substance, the artist remains faithful to his original premise that formal relationships alone are an insufficient reflection of reality; at the same time, he refines his intuition that raw artifacts need some further projection into the pictorial life of the work of art.

The difference between what Rauschenberg now does (which was anticipated by his rubbings, "frottages," illustrating Dante's *Inferno*, 1959) and his earlier bipartite constructions, is like the difference between the cinema and the theatre. Only two years ago, in *Pantomime*, two opposed fans, plugged into the picture, blew up gusts of paint between them. But at his present show at the Castelli Gallery, the air currents have been cut off, the sound of the motors has ceased, and there is only a flickering, grainy, shadowy ballet of newsprint ephemera, colliding bodilessly with one another on a surface whose continuity their disruptions refuse to acknowledge. Compared to the behavior of these vicariously perceived figurations (which are the traces of things rather than the things themselves—not even such things as pasted photographs would be), the once complex tactics of collage seem primitive and simple-minded indeed.

Initially, one is aware not so much of the contained, visually recorded, objects as of their baffling removal by reproductive means from the sensing eye. The echoing series of negative, print, plate and re-photograph almost duplicate the infinity effect of anything caught between faced mirrors, and there are at least seven (and conceivably ten) stages between Rauschenberg's image and the object "out there." It is doubtless as a comment on the way we receive news of the outer world, on how we have automated all communications as mechanized afterimages—the kinescope, the delayed broadcast—that Rauschenberg presents these works which are neither graphics, paintings, nor collages, but a piquant metaphor of all three.

And yet his statement is not unfriendly toward our technological packaging of sensations, but rather welcomes the inherent language possibilities of the mass media. He wants to make one aware of interference, of visual static for its own sake (just as in *Broadcast*, with its two radios concealed behind the surface, he once did

the same with aural static). But now the effect is not cacophonous because the spectator has long been inured to the conventions of photography in tabloids, films and television, and has come to accept them as adequate substitutes for reality. Rauschenberg takes advantage of this comfort, but refreshes and vivifies it by coarsening the visualization and changing its context. If our vision is attuned to photography, even to the extent of expecting to experience paintings in that medium, then, by reconstituting the photograph within his opened-up perimeters Rauschenberg ironically arrives at a new work of art. What was once the echo has become the substance—but a substance exquisite because, and yet despite the fact that, it is fossilized.

More than in any of his previous paintings, reality fades from sight, literally and figuratively. But it is the great paradox of the latest work that its physical energy is kept whole. Each of these tableaux is part of a continuing badinage between the assertion of paint and the claims of the outside world, now carried on through the mediation of reproductive processes. Thus, in *Windward* there is the following, rather breath-taking arche typal sequence: among color-photographed oranges, the sudden appearance of a painted orange circle beneath are black-and-white transfer red photographs of oranges, the same orange circle, and then a painted black-and-white orange, modeled in gray. Furthermore, all this is done in extremely close values, so that one is forced to discriminate hues optically with great finesse, as well as identify the actual level of existence among the competing artifacts. In assimilating the re-created matter, therefore one is compelled to absorb the paintings both visually and logically, processes which go at two different speeds in the mind.

Far more dramatic are the analogies, say, between drips and the feathers of a photographed eagle (which recalls the real, stuffed one in *22 Canyon*, 1959), or between frequent rainbows and the four-color separation process. Like an oblique reference to Abstract Expressionism, these analyses and syntheses reveal how a "painting" is made. But even further, they go back, past Schwitters, to the discipline of Cubism, with its suggestion of multiple points of view. Finally, a black-and-white orange

is inconceivable without Surrealism and, behind it, Dada. Hence this Rauschenberg exhibition is a tribute to the insights of all the great movements of twentieth-century art, but it is also a remarkable extension of them.

Within this general framework, whose implications are inexhaustible, Rauschenberg elicits some very particular associations of his own. Scenes of flag-waving patriotism, the Statue of Liberty, vignettes of sports events, the roof tops and water tanks of New York, aircraft instrument panels, capsules and nose cones, and interspersions of fluttering birds, evoke the excitability of a mind agog with a welter of current events, and vulnerable to the relentless pressure of the urban environment. But it is no inchoate mentality that presents us, in a daring stroke, with a clocklike electrical diagram superimposed upon Michelangelo's *Sistine Last Judgment*. This is, after all, the artist who has illustrated Dante, who punctuates his imagery with stop signs, and who shows the light going out in a series of four photographs of a glass of water (almost like a lamp dimming behind a film strip). It may be too vulgar to think of the overall *mélange* as hellish, but bright hints of disaster and dissolution are certainly not excluded from Rauschenberg's iconography.

Even the format he chooses—fragments, bleed outs, separations, repeats, superimpositions—mocks the integrity of any object that is caught within the field of attention. One has glimpses of the same image, in different sizes and colors, scattered over the surface, in a Marienbad simile of *déjà vu*. In fact, the whole procedure is reminiscent of the flash-backs, subliminal blips, filters, cut ins, pan shots and dissolves of the modern film, so that the spectator is forced to "read" the picture as if it were on a screen, its narrative consistency perhaps shattered, but its nostalgic poignance thereby heightened.

Other than Rauschenberg, no artist I know (even including Jasper Johns) takes such a polyvalent and imaginative inventory of modern life. It is this fullness of response which gains respect, and which is deeply moving. He stands ultimately aside from the pop art which owes so much to him, not by his methodology—the interjection of a banal motif into a new context—but by his ambition to derive as much sensuous profit from it

as he can. One never feels in his work the complacent sentimental attachment to a subject, however evocative, which so easily degenerates into the frequent sado-masochism of what one apologist has recently called "anti-sensibility" painting. Such are the beauties of Rauschenberg's new colors, eliciting a chromatic transparency midway in effect between Titian and color television—that it would take another article merely to do justice to them. He satisfies an appetite for the contemporaneous, for an explicit crystallization of what art must respond to at this moment, which few can claim even to excite. But he does so in a way that is not only far from self-defeating, but gives every evidence of becoming a classic of our time.

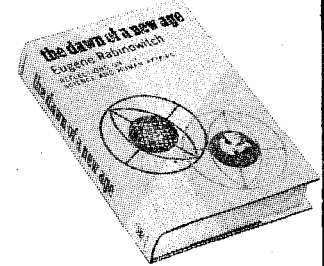
THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The incoherence of the American theatre was oddly exemplified by the production at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre of Arturo Ui. Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, written in 1941, was never produced or published during the playwright's lifetime. It could not have been produced in Europe during the war and he probably thought it inappropriate to the immediate postwar period. When the play was finally presented in Berlin it was directed by two of the Berliner Ensemble's younger directors. I was scarcely aware when I saw that production that its language was a parody both of passages from Goethe's *Faust* and from Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare. What was inescapable was the effect: a parable which, though blatant and madly hilarious in spots, was also full of terror, an infernal vision. A group of American and English theatre folk who saw the play with me would not allow the slightest criticism of it. To them, the production was a masterpiece, a perfect wedding of content and form.

In Warsaw, where I again saw the play, the production was even more grim; it retained hardly a trace of farcical caricature. The set appeared constructed of steel, a vise in which all the characters (and the audience) were caught. When at one point I laughed, members of the audience glared at me as if I were a Fascist or a fool. In Paris, too, the play attracted a large popular audience, not as a fun show or as an exercise in style and scenic virtuosity, but as a revelation

Eugene Rabinowitch



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of something the audience had experienced, something in which it had been and might still be implicated.

Why was the play produced in New York? Because the remarkable English director Tony Richardson convinced the canny producer David Merrick it might be as great a hit here as it had been in Europe—besides being very “artistic”? Because it was high time that Brecht made it on Broadway, and of all his plays this light one on a familiar theme (the rise of Hitlerism) had the most salable elements? Was this, moreover, a chance to show

what that excellent actor Christopher Plummer could do with a character part?

I sat in the audience frustrated, exasperated, very nearly prostrated. In many ways Plummer's performance was brilliant. His crippled (Brooklyn-Bronx, Third Avenue) speech was accurate and funny, his voice as moldy as his diction, his body bent as if he had been living most of his life in a dank cellar. He was a wanly pathetic crumb of a man, dismally charming, almost lovable. As an isolated portrayal, the performance could inspire nothing but admiration.

There were clever directorial touches. The sets, though too spacious and placed too far back from the curtain line (so that much of the text, though shouted, was hard to hear), were drawn in cartoon fashion and were not without point. The costumes were grotesque vaudeville; the make-ups were masklike, though neither funny nor macabre. The doggerel translation was agile, but failed to convey the mock heroic associations with classic models which justified Brecht's use of verse.

All this might be applauded by folk in search of something different and “experimental.” It certainly was not commonplace Broadway fare. But what exactly was the purport of it all?

Brecht's play continues a line which may be traced back to his early *A Man's A Man*. That play was a fable of the brain-washing process. “You can do with a man what you will. Take him apart like a car, rebuild him bit by bit. . . .” A mitelike creature is transformed into a killer. In *Arturo Ui* a psychotic creep becomes the scourge of an entire community through the ferocity of his hysteria, the savagery of his henchmen, the depravity or cowardice of its rulers, the fright of its citizens. Ui, a microbe injected into the nonresistant pulp of a debilitated society, spreads disease and disaster. He infects by the intensity of the fever that possesses him. He mesmerizes his fellow men through the reverberations of his screaming wretchedness in their sick souls. His success makes him seem shrewd and grandiose to the crowd he has stupefied. This happens in a mythical “Chicago” which is a real Germany and, by extension, Europe. Brecht's epilogue sounds the warning, “The womb from which this beastly thing issued is still fecund.” That is the meaning of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* for its audiences abroad.

In New York, the play was intended

as an entertainment. The production set out to prove that Brecht can be funny, as good a showman as any in our neighborhood. Every one of the production's employees improvised his contribution independently of any objective other than that of putting the show over. Thus, facile local jokes were introduced as well as snatches of old-style “liberal” propaganda. (A Negro woman hurled obscene imprecations against the evils of our times; there were allusions to the John Birch Society, etc.)

The production made no statement because it had no central theme or valid motivation. The “fun” was spoiled because somewhere in the hash there were fragments of Brecht's bitterness. The effect was therefore not only confusing but at times embarrassing and painful. For theatre to exist there must be something clearly at stake in which the audience, both as protagonist and chorus, can play a role. Our *Arturo Ui* was an exotic circus in which each participant provided a side show of his own. It was a display that never became a play.

If the *Ballet Folklorico of Mexico* (City Center) is more “folklorico” than ballet, it is none the less a thoroughly delightful feast. A lady in the audience called it “pure candy box,” and, true enough, it is good enough to eat. It gladdens the eye with its color and gratifies the spirit with its youthful bounce (many of the dances resemble a coltish prance), its innocence, its good humor. The performance is beautifully produced.

The Messengers

for Allen Ginsberg

The huge dog, Broderick, and the smile of the quick eyes of Allen light a kind world.

Their feelings, under some distance of remote skin, must touch, wondering at what impatience does

block them. So little love to share among so many, so much yellow-orange hair, on the one,

and on the other, such a darkness of long hanging hair now, such slightness of body, and a voice that

rises on the sounds of feeling. Aie! It raises the world, lifts, falls, like a sudden sunlight, like

that edge of the black night sweeps the low lying fields, of soft grasses, bodies, fills them with quiet longing

Robert Creeley

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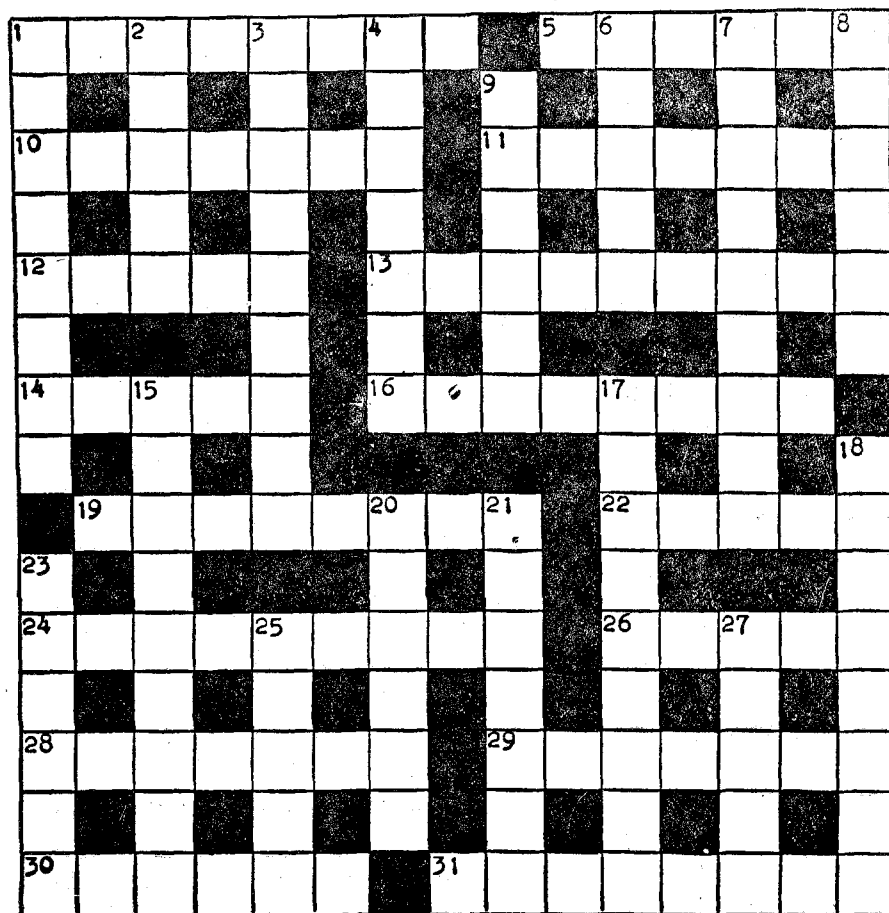
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1035

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 No need to ask what such a figure is doing while he's being shot! (8)
- 5 Tends to be like our British sisters, perhaps. (6)
- 10 and 11 Though it suggests highly affected earnestness, many at last desire it. (7, 7)
- 12 It might be dangerous to provide transportation for the upper class only. (1,4)
- 13 Alice, possibly, is underweight and moody. (5, 4)
- 14 and 23 down Business College? Not necessarily! (5, 6)
- 16 Showing a false card is no expression for the undiplomatic. (8)
- 19 and 4 down They were reputedly kept busy during revolutionary executions. (8, 7)
- 22 A major happening one might expect to view in the seventies. (5)
- 24 Just in case you might need him?
- 26 Where the harp hung around one on the headdress. (5)
- 28 Head back. (7)
- 29 How information might be obtained was the problem of Dutch youth. (7)
- 30 Pertaining to certain young nuisances, it could be measured in dollar value. (6)
- 31 Put yourself in someone else's place, if you want to spot something. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Where to find certain actors? It's not fair! (8)
- 2 Was court held during the Occupation? (5)
- 3 Not sugar-cured ham — rather dainty. (9)
- 6 Still standing in the long version. (5)
- 7 Is there reputedly hope in such a picture? (5, 4)
- 8 A torpedo is potentially familiar to both fishermen and baseball players. (6)
- 9 Cervantes claimed there was no sauce in the world like it. (6)
- 15 Two different stations are associated with his calling. (9)
- 17 One couldn't say it was an imperceptible precipitation—you'll not be in best form if you do. (9)
- 18 If the tray gets broken, it's probably planned. (8)
- 20 The little places which sound as though some people give them a lacing. (6)
- 21 Such a version might be misleading, but clothes came first obviously. (7)
- 25 Fish pie, as it might be drawn. (5)
- 27 Well-known string family. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1034

ACROSS: 1 Clock watchers; 10 Drama; 11 Thatchers; 12 Lohengrin;

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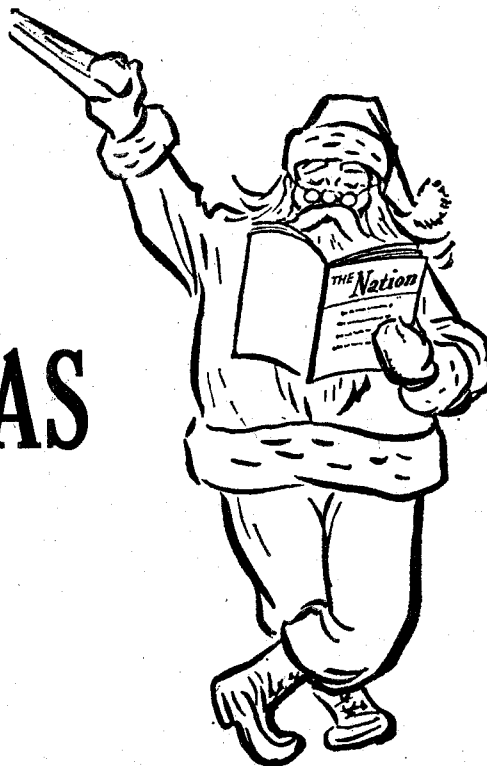
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